THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V. MAY 1, 1818. No. XXIX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF SION	253
2. FOUR PICTORIAL CARDS	293
3. LADIES' DINNER DRESS	294
4. ——— MORNING DRESS	*ib.*
5. PATTERN FOR NEEDLE-WORK.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Picturesque Tour of Mount Simplon — History and Description of Sion and its Environs	253
MISCELLANIES.	
Sentimental Travels to the South of France — Letter XIX.	256
Hamet: an Eastern Tale	262
The Gipsy's Prophecy	265
The White Lace Gown	269
The Debate: a Fragment	274
Sketch of an Italian Comedy	276
Extracts from a Gleaner's Commonplace-Book	277
Remarks on Blake's Designs illustrative of Blair's Grave (from "Critical Description of West's Death on the Pale Horse,") by Mr. WILLIAM CAREY	278
The Female Tattler.—No. XXIX.	280
MUSICAL REVIEW.	
BURROWES' The Piano-Forte Primer	284
BALL'S "When jealous Fears inspire us"	285
KLOSE'S "Chatsworth-House"	*ib.*
JAY'S "What it is to love"	286
MADDISON'S "Fare thee well"	*ib.*
PURKIS'S Favourite Airs selected from "Il Don Giovanni"	*ib.*
RIMBAULT'S Mehul's celebrated Overture dell' Irato	*ib.*
VOIGHT'S Set of new and elegant Series of Quadrilles	*ib.*
BEALE'S "Jolly old Bachus"	287
EVERETT'S Grand March for the Piano-Forte	*ib.*
TOPLIFF'S "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"	288
KIALLMARK'S "Oh! it was not for me that I heard the Bells ringing"	288
LITHANDER'S La Delicatesse	*ib.*
FINE ARTS.	
Exhibition of Painters in Oil and Water Colours	*ib.*
Rubens's Triumph of Charity	292
Pictorial Playing Cards	293
FASHIONS.	
London Fashions.—Ladies' Dinner Dress	294
Ladies' Morning Dress	*ib.*
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	295
French Female Fashions	297
THE SELECTOR.	
The Lover's Task, from Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady*, by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN	300
Pride, from *Remarks, Moral, Practical, &c. selected from the Writings of the late* W. HUTTON, *Esq. of Birmingham*	303
Lord Byron, from *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, by the Count DE STENDHAL	304
Letter of the Hon. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, from *Letters from the Hon.* HORACE WALPOLE *to* GEORGE MONTAGU, *Esq.*	305
INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	307
POETRY.	
Larga's Vale, a Poem, by J. CARNEGIE	309
Extracts from Mrs. M'MULLAN'S *Britain*	312
The Zodiac Dinner	313
Madrigal	314
Tears	*ib.*

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.

Our readers are requested to take notice, that "*Plate* 28" has been prefixed by mistake to the head-line of *Sentimental Travels to the South of France* in our present Number (p. 256), as there is no engraving to this portion.

We have also to apologize for another error, in consequence of which the article descriptive of the *Pictorial Cards* introduced into our last Number belongs to the plate which is given this month, and the description in this Number to the plate in the last.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

If J. J. *would favour us with the remainder of the translation from Count* Verri, *we should be enabled to decide respecting its insertion.*

The lines signed A Mother *have appeared as an advertisement in many of the newspapers: our advertising sheet is equally open to them.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. V. | May 1, 1818. | No. XXIX.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 192.)

PLATE 27.—VIEW OF SION.

The valley which is traversed by the Rhone, and which runs from north to south from the Lake of Geneva, suddenly changes its direction beyond Pissevache, turns eastward, and begins to widen. Before you reach Martigny, which is situated at the angle of this curve, you first cross the Trient, the bed of which, confined by enormous walls of rocks, receives the waters that descend from the valley of Valorsine, and afterwards the impetuous torrent of the Drance, which collects those of the glaciers of the Great St. Bernard: all these waters discharge themselves into the Rhone. Martigny contains nothing remarkable except the convent of the monks who attend the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and that of the Simplon. The roads from the St. Bernard and the valley of Chamouni meet at Martigny. The road continues for six leagues as far as Sion to run along the bottom of the valley, which is sometimes marshy, at others rich, well cultivated, and bordered with vineyards that cover the hills. The appearance of the villages which you pass through proves that the charges of indolence and inattention to cleanliness alledged against the Valaisans are but too well founded. Some old castles situated on the slope of the mountains, or on small eminences which rise from the midst of the plain, contribute to give an interest to this part of the route. At a little distance from Sion the road passes the foot of the castle of Montorges, seated on the top of a high rock, a monument of the wars of the Valaisans with their bishops or lords. It was from one of the points of this height that the accompanying view of Sion was taken.

The white houses of this town, which are seen through the trees—the embrowned castles, whose colour attests their antiquity—the fertile plain with the Rhone winding through it—the bare moun-

tains separated by deep ravines, and distinguished from each other by different hues and forms—and the glaciers which overtop them, contribute altogether to render this one of the most remarkable situations in Switzerland.

Sion, called by the Germans Sitten, the ancient *Sedunum* or *Civitas Sedunorum*, the capital of the Valais, stands on the right bank of the Rhone and on the rivulet of Sitten, which rises in the glaciers of the Gheltenhorn.

When the Romans penetrated for the first time into Helvetia, it would appear that Sion was already a considerable place, since they assigned its name to the inhabitants of the whole valley. These people gave battle to the Romans near *Octodurum*, but being defeated by Galba, they were obliged to submit to the Roman yoke. The conquerors erected strong castles at Sion, from which they were driven by the Burgundians in the fifth century.

Sion still possesses many Roman antiquities. Near the great door of the cathedral is seen a half-effaced inscription in honour of Augustus. There is a second in the episcopal palace; and there exist others, as well as Roman medals, several collections of which are preserved in the town.

Sion is one of the most ancient episcopal sees in Switzerland; for that founded at Martigny, or Octodurum, in the fourth century, was transferred in the sixth to Sion. During the second half of the fourteenth century, this place was several times besieged, taken, and reduced to ashes. It had to sustain two more sieges in the course of the following century. In 1788 it was almost entirely consumed by a tremendous conflagration, and in 1799 taken by assault by the French.

The lowest of the three castles already mentioned, called Majorie, is the ordinary residence of the bishop; there too the diet of the deputies of all the parishes of the Valais assembles. The second castle, named Valerie, is said to have been fortified in the time of the Romans. The most elevated, known by the appellation of Tourbillon, contained a collection of portraits of all the bishops of Sion from the institution of the see; but down to the end of the thirteenth century they appeared to be but imaginary. The most curious among them was that of Cardinal Matthew Schinner, who was a distinguished character at the beginning of the sixteenth century. These portraits were destroyed some years since by a fire that consumed the building, which is now in ruins. Between the town and the Sanetsch, upon rocks of very difficult access, are seen the ruins of the castles of Seon and Montorges. It was at the former that Baron Anthony de la Tour Chatillon threw, in 1375, from the top of the rocks, his uncle Guichard de Tavelli, a prelate universally respected, who had for twenty-two years filled the episcopal see, because the venerable old man opposed certain pretensions set up by his nephew. To punish this atrocious outrage, the Valaisans destroyed the baron's castles at Ayant, Gradetz, and Chatillon, near Rarogne; and they at length expelled him from the country, after defeating him and several other nobles of the Valais in a sanguinary engage-

ment between St. Leonhard and Sion. His friend, the powerful Thüring de Brandis, of the Simmenthal, declared war against them, and penetrated into their country in 1377; but his troops were routed with dreadful slaughter, and he was himself numbered among the slain.

The captain-general, Guichard de Raron, had so far incensed the minds of his fellow-citizens, that they banished him by the species of ostracism called *matze*, after which he obtained assistance from the dukes of Savoy and the city of Berne against them. His nephew, Bishop William de Raron, was nevertheless besieged by the Valaisans in the castle of Seon, with Guichard's wife and children, whom he had left behind there, together with his most valuable effects. After granting free egress to the besieged, the Valaisans burned the castle, and likewise those of Montorges, Majorie, and Tourbillon.

In 1475 they gained a signal victory over the Savoyards near Sion, and in consequence made themselves masters of the whole of the Lower Valais.

Among other edifices and public establishments at Sion are some convents, such as that of the Capuchins, founded in 1601; a gymnasium, which has succeeded the former Jesuits' college, established in 1734; the episcopal chapter, consisting of twenty-seven canons, effective and titular; the town-house, the hospital, and six churches. Sion is the chief place of the *dixain* of the same name, which comprehends upwards of thirty parishes, and includes the valley of Herens. Till 1798 this *dixain* was the only one in all the Upper Valais that had an aristocratic government.

The eye commands magnificent views from the three castles of the town; there are pleasant walks between its walls and the Rhone, as well as on the other side of the river upon the beautiful hills in front of Sion, on which are seen a great number of summer residences and picturesque spots. Opposite to the town appears a curious hermitage, situated in the parish of Bremis, and consisting of a church, a cloister, and several cells, cut out of the solid rock. This hermitage, erected in the sixteenth century, was originally a convent of Cordeliers; it is now inhabited by a single hermit.

French and German are very generally spoken at Sion. The heat there in summer is almost intolerable, Reaumur's thermometer often rising to 24° in the shade. When exposed to the sun upon the rocks, it rises to 38°, or even so high as 48°. Many cretins are met with at this place.

The environs of Sion produce a great number of the plants of warm countries. On the southern slope of the hill of Tourbillon the inhabitants cultivate saffron, but the whole crop belongs to the bishop.

The immediate neighbourhood of Sion belongs to the primitive rock formations, which is succeeded to the north, at a little distance from the town, by the northern chain of the calcareous Alps. The hill of the castle of Valerie is composed of gneiss and beds of quartz of considerable thickness; that of Tourbillon is a primitive calcareous rock of a blackish grey colour. The same kind of rock is met with

at the southern foot of the mountains that range to the north of Sion; it has the appearance of micaceous stone. Gypsum exists on both sides of the valley: on the left bank, two leagues from Sion in the Eringerthal; and on the right bank beyond Sion in the valley of Morges, and between Sion and Sierre on the edges and summit of the hill of Platrières. On this hill you meet with that magnificent granulated gypsum, intersected with red veins, which lies between beds of micaceous and argillaceous schist, arranged in almost perpendicular strata in the direction from south-west to north-east. The argillaceous schist, where it borders upon the gypsum, is covered with Epsom salt, or sulphate of magnesia. At the village of Chandoline, situated on the other side of the Rhone, opposite to Sion, you find a stratum of carbonaceous plumbago (anthracite) from one to two feet thick, between beds of alum and micaceous schist. You also meet with a kind of rocks which bear a great resemblance to micaceous schist, but in which the place of mica is occupied by a carbonaceous blend; it has, therefore, been denominated carbonaceous schist. The inhabitants work this blend, which they use for coal and for making lime; it yields a dull flame, free from any bituminous smell.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 28.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIX.

I HAD propped my head upon one arm, and was meditating with not a little anxiety upon my unpleasant situation, when Bastian entered with a face which but too plainly proved that the good folks without were not drinking the cheapest wine in honour of me. In all probability the honest fellow considered my purse as confiscated with the same certainty as the worthy dean. "Sir," said he, in the kindest tone, as he set the candles before me, "your soldiers are quite delighted with you. Not a glass out of the four or five bottles that I have brought in has been drunk but to your health. They declare that they would rather risk their lives ten times for their prisoner than once for their commandant, who scarcely allows them sufficient from their pay to keep soul and body together."—"Why," replied I carelessly, "did the fools enlist among such troops?"—"Why?" rejoined Bastian: "that you ought to hear the unfortunate brothers relate themselves. It is well worth while, sir, and would throw great light upon your present business."—"Indeed, Bastian," replied I, "that would be very agreeable to me."—"Well, then, shall I send them in, sir?"—"By all means, for I have no time to lose."

They entered, and this time brought with them much more cheerful looks than when they came with my dinner. The glow of satisfaction tinged their cheeks, and the truce to their habitual misery,

which they so unexpectedly found in their service, was so plainly expressed in their animated eyes, that I had the less scruple to disturb the current of their joyous feelings; because I know but too well from my own experience, that nothing heightens the enjoyment of a happy moment so much as the retrospect of past misfortunes. Such is the waywardness of man! Instead of deriving from them gloomy forebodings for the future, he draws from them, on the contrary, presages of better times; and from one brilliant day he infers the probability of many more. Happy blindness! which, amid the wide-spread gloom, discovers and connects the bright spots scantily—ah, how scantily!—scattered throughout it. "You have not had the best luck in the world either, I am told," said I familiarly to them. "Sit down, my good fellows, and let me hear your story. It may perhaps contribute to tranquillize me, and you would have no objection to that."—"No, indeed, sir," rejoined one of them; "we are too sensible of your goodness. It is the first time these sixteen months that we have known the comfort of a good dinner, or tasted a drop of wine—and then what wine too! Formerly we wanted for nothing; we lived well and were fat; but the clergy—God forgive them!—have made us meager enough." Out of animosity to the dean, I could not suppress a sarcastic remark. "Of all the transformations," said I, "which those servants of the altar daily and hourly produce before our eyes, they are most successful in such as these. But what had you done, good folks, to fall into their hands?"—"If you have time and inclination," answered one of the grenadiers, "to listen to my narrative, I trust I shall give you a clear insight into the circumstances attending our misfortune. We are two brothers, natives of the suburbs. Our parents, and theirs before them, were weavers. They left us, I confess, a trade which would have supported us, and so we might have passed through the world very quietly and peaceably as they did; but we felt an irresistible impulse to higher things, turned all our property into money, beat up for spirited lads and lasses of the same way of thinking as ourselves, and set up for managers of a company of comedians."

I cannot express to you, dear Edward, what an impression this unimportant exordium made upon my heart. Was it not one of the most extraordinary freaks of Fortune, that in the self-same hour when I felt such an ardent longing for the play, as I have mentioned above, I should be thus brought into the company of the ex-manager of a theatre? "You need only engage him for this evening," thought I jocosely to myself, "and perhaps secure as rich a treat as if you were in Berlin." My joke has been almost realized; at least I have been quite as well entertained as if I had been at a private theatre.

"Ye proud and happy days," continued the actor in lofty declamation, "when we—[turning with a graceful motion of the hand to his brother]—had been personating kings and generals all day, we were able to pay our score every night, we owed nothing to our court, our military, or our bill-sticker, and retired with feelings of

conscious honesty to our beds! This lasted a whole year. But, ah! what a change! One day being on the frontiers of the papal territory at Cavaillon, where we had arrived with our company on the preceding day, we represented a foreign drama called *Doctor Faustus;* the hero of the piece is carried off by the devil. And would you believe it, sir, from the costume of a character in this drama originated all our subsequent misfortunes. We had erected our stage in a very large room in a back building of the inn with the sign of the Prophet, which, nevertheless, was completely filled before the curtain drew up. My good brother there represented the evil spirit; he looked truly frightful, and roared, as the scripture says, like a lion: but as every body knew that it was only a disguise, the piece received such enthusiastic approbation, that an hour afterwards—a circumstance unparalleled in theatrical annals — we were obliged to repeat it before a still more crowded audience. The exertion indeed was rather too fatiguing, and my brother was seized with a spitting of blood; but we were repaid by double receipts. The play lasted till past twelve o'clock at night, and the audience departed highly gratified. Who could have imagined that the devil, while we were exhibiting him in all his glory, would play us a more spiteful trick than he ever yet devised? At any rate, he could not have involved me and mine in a worse scrape. We were so weary and sleepy, that no sooner had we put out the candles, except the end which my brother took to light us, than we hastened to our bedchamber. Now, during our absence, our host, from the love of gain, had shewn two other persons into the same chamber, without consulting us, instead of sending them, which would have been the proper way, to another house, as he had no room for them in his own. But no matter! it was done without our knowledge; we thought no harm, and in we went. My brother, with the stump of candle in his hand, ran straight to his bed, drew back the curtains, and the mischief was done. There was a strange gentleman in it. Holy St. Anthony! how he was frightened when he awoke, and saw the infernal shape standing by the bedside! He uttered a shriek of terror that wakened a figure in a bed close by, which, like an unfinished picture of Venus, already promised no less than she has since realized, as you, sir, must very well know——"—"How so?" cried I, with astonishment.—"Because," replied the grenadier, "it was no other than the pretty mademoiselle here in this house."—"Are you dreaming, friend?" said I, interrupting the soldier, "or is it a fiction of yours?"—"Neither the one nor the other," answered he with emphasis.—"Consider a moment," I replied; "only think how long ago that must have been!"—"At the end of this week," said the narrator after a short pause, "it will be just one and twenty months."—"What!" retorted I, "and so early could the beautiful, the pious, the innocent Clara—oh! no, no! 'tis impossible!"—"So possible," rejoined the grenadier, raising his hand as if in affirmation of his statement, "that it was my own bed from which she sprang, I will not

tell you how gracefully, and either from fear or modesty took refuge under the bed-clothes of her neighbour. What whirlwind of chance had carried her into this chamber, into the bed of a player, and within the sphere of a canon, God above knows."—"What canon?" cried I hastily.—"His name," replied the soldier quite coolly, "is Ducliquet; he lives here in high repute."

I shall spare you the recapitulation of the reflections which I muttered to myself at this part of the story. At length interrupting the thread of them, I begged the narrator to proceed, and redoubled my attention. "If," resumed the grenadier, "the screams of these two had roused half the town, it would have been no wonder. To no purpose did we run to the bedside to assist them—in vain we strove to convince them that we were not devils any more than themselves—that this chamber was our daily habitation—and that our terrific appearance was only a theatrical costume. They continued pale as death, clasped in one another's arms, crossing and blessing themselves every time they opened their eyes, nor did they recover the use of their five senses till Dr. Faustus and the devil had prayed a paternoster with each of them. As soon as my brother had hung his snaky hair upon a peg, unbuckled his goat's hoofs, laid down the horns that so fearfully graced his head, and rolled up his long tail and put it in his pocket, before the sparkling eyes of the girl, the prelate began to wipe off the perspiration of terror, and to reassume the natural dignity of his character. He would gladly have preached us a tedious sermon on our sinful life, had it not been doing himself a greater service to drive us from our beds than to lull us to sleep. He, therefore, thought it best to endeavour, in his turn, to frighten us by telling us his name and rank, and threatening us with the Inquisition, which we deserved as masks of hell; nay even, he soon had the assurance—would you imagine it, sir?—to ask me whether the girl who had forced herself into his bed also belonged to our troop. We, though actors ourselves, were startled at the air of truth with which he brought out this question. We looked at one another, knew not what to reply, and appealed in our confusion to the damsel herself, who had meanwhile crept back to the other bed, and manifested no inclination to interfere in our justification. We presently desisted from it of ourselves, deeming it most prudent to relinquish our couches to the two pilgrims, and to make the best shift we could. By daybreak they decamped from our chamber, and drove off in a chaise, without caring what we might think of the matter. The landlord, whom we called to account, excused himself for taking double pay for our chamber by our double receipts for his theatre: the whole affair afforded subject for laughter for some time, and was then forgotten. We performed in that part of the country as long as we could obtain spectators, and some weeks afterwards returned with the fairest expectations of fame and fortune to Avignon. But as the tragic poet very justly observes:

"Hope leads the way, and by the syren song
Of Fortune lur'd, man treads the flow'ry path,
Unconscious that to labyrinths it leads,

Where hungry Minotaurs, the fierce attendants
On savage Cruelty, lurk for their victim."

"With due respect to your verses," said I, interrupting the actor, "let them be as harmonious as they will, I am more interested about your story, than the sublime maxims which a wise head may extract from them. Omit them if you please in your narrative, and rather tell me in simple prose into what labyrinths and among what Minotaurs you have been led."—"You must know, then, sir," continued the grenadier, "that we had scarcely unpacked our wardrobe the following morning, when a messenger arrived with a friendly summons to my brother and me to appear before the spiritual tribunal. Unconscious of having given offence to these gentlemen, we presented ourselves at their bar with all the composure of innocence. But, alas! our courage soon forsook us. Of what avail is the innocence of a comedian before a tribunal composed of persons, who never give others credit for good motives, who, out of regard for ignorance, persecute all the liberal arts, and who are incessantly tormented by jealousy of our profession! The president informed us, that we were cited thither on the complaint of the timid canon, who charged us with being vagabonds, and denounced the nocturnal alarm into which we had thrown him, as nothing less than a breach of the public peace, and as a most wicked attack upon the mysteries of our holy religion. All our well-founded remonstrances were rejected; the canon was believed in preference to the players, and our conjecture respecting Clara's proximity to his bed so incensed his reverend colleagues against us, that, without a single dissentient voice, they decreed the breaking-up of our company, and dismissed us with the brief injunction, never to perform again with living characters.

"We returned home in deep dejection, to encounter the storm which arose among our company when, like evil spirits, we announced to them the decree of their annihilation. The dreadful intelligence was an electric shock to them all. My old trembling scene-painter was just then painting a sun-rise; the brush dropped from his paralysed fingers, and fell plump upon the bosom of Ariadne, who was sitting near him brushing the half-boots of her Theseus. Two of my Graces, who were to have made their *début* that very evening in the after-piece, dropped a veil for which they were quarreling; and the third sprang like a fury from behind the partition where she was dressing, and attacked my poor brother, whose unlucky mask she considered as the cause of our general disaster—and in this she was not very wide of the truth. I interfered, commanded peace, and supplied the place of my lost authority over the company by energy of language. I reminded the ladies of their equivocal reputation, and with fraternal solicitude admonished them to take care how they incurred the farther censures of the clergy or even excommunication by their conduct. My heroes I pacified by a few apposite *tirades* from our tragedies on the dignity of fortitude in adversity, and recommended to them all to profit by the experience which they had acquired under my direction. Despondency gradually relinquished its empire over their painted faces; the impulse of self-preserva-

A TRAGIC STORY,
at Avignon.

tion revived, and they followed my good advice. One of my Graces went to service the same evening, the second hired herself seven weeks afterwards as a wet-nurse, and the third—as I verily believe, to revenge herself on the spiritual tribunal—accepted the place of housekeeper to the president. The fine bass voice of my first actor procured him admission into the choir; my scene-painter is now employed upon altars and chapels; Ariadne does a little business on her own account, and finds it answer as well as the old lady close by. My Theseus you must often have seen, sir; he carries about the little cakes for breakfast, which, as I am told, are excellent; for the ungrateful fellow has never given his old manager one to taste. In short, I do not know one of my company whom Providence has not manifestly favoured. It also extended its care to us two brothers, who lost most by this catastrophe.

"As the odious prohibition interdicted our performing with living characters, the very terms of it gave us the best hint as to our future proceedings. We procured puppets, and were soon able to frequent fairs with a well-furnished theatre. When we had conquered the feeling of false shame, and the pain of a first representation was over, we found ourselves more comfortable with our *marionettes* than with our former company. We had no more quarrels to adjust among our generals; every puppet was perfectly satisfied with the part assigned to it. With the single dress of Perseus, which I cut up, I was now able to clothe my whole troop, and the petticoat which was too short for Ariadne made me two curtains. The mechanism of our present actresses was not so liable to be deranged as that of our former ones. Though our kings and knights lay in the same chest with them, we had no unpleasant consequences to apprehend; and what was still better, we had not to share our receipts with our company. As we made people laugh wherever we went, and received the patronage and applause of the highest as well as the lowest, we at length imagined that we could lead blind Fortune by a cord as well as our puppets. I really believe that there is not a man so wise but what long-continued prosperity would turn into a fool. The adverse events which I had daily before my eyes when I represented them on our little stage, made not the least impression upon me. Belisarius marching in as a general with the ribbon of an order in the first act, and led along as a beggar in the last, ceased to strike me. I saw Nebuchadnezzar seated at the royal table, and soon afterwards eating grass like an ox, without being at all moved. I considered myself as out of the reach of all the vicissitudes which I exhibited; perhaps, because like the Ruler of the universe, I beheld and guided them from above. In this manner I proceeded, in the greatest harmony with my brother, for about six months. Our daily gains increased to such a degree, that we augmented our troop to fifty figures, each of more ingenious construction than the other, and were now enabled to represent the most extensive histories. But another unexpected blow shook the little fabric of our fortune to its very

foundations, and finally overthrew it.——But why do you laugh, sir? Regard me not, I entreat you, as a common puppet-show-man, who makes a trade of his art, and never considers that it is possible to put into the mouths of wooden figures sentiments calculated to operate powerfully upon the heart! Simple as I now appear, I was the first of my profession that took into his service a *bel-esprit*—a Metastasio—who was constantly engaged for my theatre in adapting old materials to the spirit of the times, and in composing new pieces which would stand the test of the most rigid criticism. By means of these arrangements, my puppets would perhaps have contributed as much to moral improvement as the theatre royal at Paris. But the dignified clergy in their wisdom took care that they should not. It was last vintage-time that we were performing the most ancient piece that ever was acted, only new done up and in a fashionable dress. We had reserved it for that season when the human heart, as our great dramatist observes, is peculiarly disposed to relish what is great and sublime. Our bills announced it from one corner of the town to the other as —*The Universal Tragedy of Humanity, or Paradise Lost.* Though we had reckoned upon a great number of spectators, yet the concourse surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

"When all the luminaries of heaven were lighted, and the curtain drew up, such was the tumult of applause which pervaded the whole assembly, that a star of the first magnitude was shaken out of the firmament. Meanwhile I entered as Prologue, motioned with my hand, and it was wonderful how instantaneously these obstreperous acclamations were succeeded by profound silence. My address to the public contained, as in the plays of the Greeks and Romans, the whole plot of the piece, and was so well written and so appropriate, that, if you would have the goodness to hear me recite it, you would have as good an idea of it as if you had been present at the performance. I know it all by heart as perfectly as I did then, for though it plunged me and mine into poverty and distress, and obliged the author to quit the country, still I can't forget the droll thing, and often recite it to myself, in general the more pathetically the more I am at a loss how to appease the cravings of hunger. To-day I should I trust be still more successful, as I have the prospect of a good supper. Will you permit me, sir?"—"By all means," I replied, and placed myself to rights in my arm-chair.

HAMET: *An Eastern Tale.*

May the name of Allah be ever praised! His unworthy servant Hamet, whom the mighty Mahmoud, sultan of the Indies, hath deigned to draw from obscurity, hastens, ere the angel of death shall summon him hence, to relate to his fellow-mortals the lesson of instruction which his youthful days may afford.

To the precepts of my father, the sage Hassan, Mahmoud paid the duteous attention of a son; nor

did he undertake any enterprize till he had first consulted Hassan. Years rolled on, and the people of the Indies mingled blessings on the preceptor of their beloved monarch with the prayers which they put up to Heaven for Mahmoud's safety. At length Hassan felt his end approaching; one earthly care alone disturbed the tranquillity of his soul, and that was for the future destiny of myself, who had then but just reached the dawn of manhood.

"The son of Hassan shall be to Mahmoud even as his own offspring." These were the gracious words of the sultan, and scarcely had he uttered them when my father's soul took its flight. For many days I lamented him with all the bitterness of affliction, and the mighty Mahmoud deigned himself to mingle his tears with mine. The goodness of the sultan alleviated my grief; I entered into his service, and soon became the sharer of his thoughts, and the depositary of his secrets; nor was I ungrateful for his bounty. The will of the sultan was with me next to the law of Allah, and I had no wish so fervent as that my days might be spent in his service.

I had been for some years the favourite of Mahmoud, when I beheld the youthful Zuleika, whose dazzling beauties taught me for the first time to love. The father of Zuleika eagerly courted my alliance, Mahmoud deigned to sanction my passion, but I determined to owe the possession of Zuleika to herself alone; and it was not long ere I drew from the timid fair-one a confession of her love.

Never shall I forget the joy with which her words filled my heart. I quitted her at length reluctantly, and hastened to my own dwelling, which I was now eager to adorn and beautify, that I might render it worthy of Zuleika.

Scarcely had I reached it, when I was summoned to the sultan. I hastened to present myself before him. "Hamet," cried he, "the time is come for you to prove the strength of that attachment which you have so often professed for me. I have just learned that my vizier abuses my confidence, and that in the distant provinces my people, bending beneath the weight of his tyranny, are about to raise the standard of rebellion. Yet this intelligence may be false, nor will I disgrace or punish my servant before his guilt is proved. Be yours then, Hamet, the task of discovering the truth or falsehood of the accusations brought against him. The journey will indeed delay your union with your lovely Zuleika, but you owe this sacrifice to your duty. I will myself see Zuleika, and reconcile her to your absence. Hasten to prepare for your departure, for ere the dawn of morning you must be gone."

For the first time I heard the commands of Mahmoud with a wish that I had not been chosen to fulfil them, nor could I resolve to depart without bidding Zuleika farewell. She wept bitterly when she learned the will of the sultan; yet I fancied that a glow of pleasure tinged her cheek and sparkled in her eyes, when she heard that Mahmoud intended himself to convey to her the intelligence of my departure.

"Let me not draw upon thee, my beloved," cried she, "the anger

of the sultan; hasten to fulfil the painful duty he imposes upon thee, while Zuleika will waste the moments of thy absence in prayers for thy return." As she spoke she embraced me, but the poison of suspicion had entered my mind, and I almost shrunk from her caresses.

No sooner had I quitted Zuleika than I delivered myself up to the most gloomy thoughts. Mahmoud had never seen her, and I fancied that it was impossible for him to behold without loving her: but could the magnanimous Mahmoud, he who was the father of his subjects, tear from one whom he had honoured with his friendship the sole joy of his existence? Impossible! thought I; he cannot be so base. Yet the next moment the remembrance of Zuleika's blush, of the exultation which had glowed in every lovely feature when she heard the sultan's purpose, tortured my heart.

Lost in these reflections I was retracing my way to my own habitation, when on a sudden I saw before me a female of the most exquisite beauty. The blaze of light which encircled her lovely form, convinced me I beheld one of those celestial messengers whom Allah sometimes deigns to send on errands of mercy to the children of men; and I hastily prostrated myself before her.

"Rise, Hamet," said she, "and take from my hand a gift rarely bestowed even upon the faithful servants of Allah; a gift which will instantly dispel the doubts you now entertain." So saying she drew from beneath her vest a crystal tablet, which she held out to me. "By pronouncing a few cabalistic words," continued she, "you will find written on this tablet whatever you desire to know."

"Beware, Hamet!" said a soft voice; "accept not this dangerous gift, for it may poison your happiness." I looked round, but no object met my eye; and turning again to gaze upon the genius, she held the tablet towards me, with a smile of so much benignity that I no longer hesitated to take it.

"Repeat after me," said she, "the words which I shall utter, and as you do so frame a question, to which you will find an answer on the tablet." I did so, but what was my horror when I saw that Mahmoud and Zuleika would be united; nay more, that the faithless Zuleika, not satisfied with alienating from me the friendship of Mahmoud, would induce him to set a price upon my head! "O Allah!" cried I aloud, "is it possible that thou wilt suffer cruelty and perfidy like this to go unpunished?"—"No, Hamet," cried the genius; "the means to punish it are in thine own hands. Hasten to the provinces, not to execute the will of the tyrant, but to join with those who are determined on his destruction. Long in his confidence, and well acquainted with all his resources, thou wilt be received with joy by the party formed against him. It is secretly guided by the prince his uncle; from him thou wilt have no cause to fear the ingratitude which thou hast experienced from Mahmoud, and in his favour, and the affections of his beauteous daughter, thou wilt soon forget the perfidious Zuleika and the ungrateful Mahmoud."

"No," cried I, dashing the tablet from me, "never shall the arm of Hamet be raised against Mahmoud! His treachery cannot form an excuse for mine. Since he is to rob me of happiness, let him also take my life—it is not worth retaining: but he who hath alone the power to punish will one day revenge the unfortunate Hamet, and to him I leave the chastisement of Mahmoud and Zuleika."

Scarcely had I spoken when the genius gave a piercing cry, flames issued from her mouth, and I beheld with horror and astonishment, the beauteous form upon which I had gazed with wonder and delight, suddenly change to a figure of immense size, and of the most frightful deformity. Shuddering at the metamorphosis, I turned to fly, but at that moment the sorceress vanished, and in her place I beheld a youth beauteous as the day.

"Hamet," said the celestial being, "fear not! you have repaired the error which gave to the malignant Umri a temporary power over your destiny. The unjust suspicions which you rashly cherished, emboldened the enchantress to present you with the tablet of jealousy, a spell, as she thought, of sufficient potency to detach you from the interests of Mahmoud; but the abhorrence with which you rejected the snare in which she hoped to entrap you, broke the spell, and enabled me to come to your assistance. Neither Zuleika nor Mahmoud will deceive you; be it your care to shew yourself worthy of their love and friendship. Hasten to the sultan, reveal to him the events of this night, and let him take instant measures to crush a rebellion, whose object is to deprive him of his throne and life."

The genius disappeared, and I delayed not to fulfil her injunctions. The generous Mahmoud readily forgave my fault, nor did he refuse my supplications to attend him to the provinces. He put himself at the head of his army, and I had more than once the happiness of exposing my own life to shield that of my beloved master. Mahmoud soon succeeded in crushing the rebellion, and on his return to his capital, he presented to me with his own hand my faithful and tender Zuleika. Never have I forgotten the peril in which my unjust suspicion placed me, and never since did a doubt of those whom he loved disturb the peace of Hamet.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

An Austrian officer, Baron von W——, who had served in the last war against the Turks, in the Szekler hussars, resided for a few years at B——. He took delight in speaking of the various extraordinary events which occurred in the course of his campaigns. The following story is given in the words in which the baron himself related it.

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclos-Var in Transylvania for the purpose of conducting some recruits to my regiment, then stationed in the neighbour-

hood of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy-woman, who followed the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were very superstitious, asked her to tell them their fortune; I ridiculed them, and laughing heartily, presented my hand to the fortune-teller.

The twentieth of August! said she to me with a significant look, and without adding a syllable. I wished for a farther explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she again cried out to me in the same tone—*The twentieth of August!* It may easily be conceived that this date was impressed upon my memory.

We reached the army, the fatigues and dangers of which we shared. It is generally known that in this war the Turks took no prisoners. Their officers set the price of a ducat upon each head which they brought to the camp. The Janisaries and Spahis neglected no opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement proved particularly fatal to our advanced posts. Scarcely a night passed but the Turks came in superior numbers in quest of heads. Their excursions were conducted with such secrecy and despatch, that they were but seldom unsuccessful, and often at daybreak the camp was found guarded only by headless trunks. The Prince of Coburg determined to send every night strong picquets of cavalry beyond the line of vedettes, to protect them. The picquets were composed of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, enraged at seeing their people disturbed in their trade, despatched still more numerous detachments against our picquets, which procured them a much larger profit. The service of the picquets thus became so dangerous, that when a person was sent upon it, he arranged his affairs before he set out.

Such was the state of things in the month of August. Some actions had not changed the position of the army. About a week before the 20th, the gipsy-woman, of whom I had often purchased provisions, made her appearance. She entered my tent, and entreated me to leave her a legacy in case I should perish on the day she had predicted; and offered to engage, in case I should not, to make me a gratuitous present of a basket of Tokay wine. This wine is very rare in the army. I thought the woman silly. In my profession a speedy death was by no means improbable; but I had no reason for expecting it precisely on the 20th of August. I agreed to the bargain: I wagered two horses and fifty ducats against the old woman's Tokay wine, and the auditor of the regiment, not without smiling, committed our agreement to writing.

The 20th of August arrived. There was no appearance of hostility. It was the turn of our regiment to furnish a picquet for the night: but two of my comrades were to precede me. The evening came, and as the hussars were about to depart, the surgeon announced to the general that the officer appointed to the picquet had fallen dangerously ill. The officer who was next in turn before me was ordered to take his place: he hastily dressed himself, and prepared to rejoin his men, but his horse, a good-tempered and fine animal,

suddenly reared, and at length threw his rider, who had his leg broken by the fall. It was now my turn: I set out, but I confess not in my usual spirits.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in all two hundred. Our station was about a thousand paces in front of the right wing, and we were supported upon a marsh covered with very high reeds: we had no sentinels in advance, and none of us dismounted. We had orders to keep our sabres drawn and carbines loaded till daybreak. All was quiet for an hour and three quarters, when we heard a noise and shouts of *Allah! Allah!* and in an instant all the horses of the first rank were overthrown, either by the fire or the shock of from seven to eight hundred Turks. They lost as many on their side, both by the impetuosity of their charge and the fire from our carbines. They knew the ground perfectly well; we were surrounded and defeated. They often fired at random: I received many sabre wounds as well from friends as foes: my horse was mortally wounded; he fell upon my right leg, and kept me down upon the bloody sand: the flashes of pistols threw some light upon this carnage.

I looked up, and saw our party defend themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre: there was soon not a single Austrian but was extended on the ground. The conquerors seized the horses which were yet serviceable, plundered the dead and wounded, and then cut off their heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought expressly for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the Szekler corps we were pretty well acquainted with the Turkish language: I heard them encouraging one another to finish before assistance arrived, and not to leave a ducat behind, adding there could not be fewer than two hundred of us: hence it is evident that they were well informed. While they passed and re-passed over me—while legs, arms, and balls flew over my head in all directions, my horse received another wound, which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I immediately determined, if possible, to conceal myself among the reeds of the marsh. I had seen several of our men taken in the attempt to do so; but the firing had considerably slackened, and the surrounding darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty paces to go, but was apprehensive of sinking in the mud. I, however, leaped over men and horses, and upset more than one Turk: they extended their arms to seize me, and cut at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and agility enabled me to reach the marsh, where I sunk no deeper than my knee: in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, when I stopped, overcome by fatigue. I soon heard a Turk cry out, "An infidel has escaped; let us go in quest of him!" others replied, "He could not have gone into the marsh." I know not how long they remained, but I heard no more: I fainted with the loss of blood, and continued insensible for several hours; for, when

I recovered my faculties, the sun was already high.

I was immersed in the marsh up to my hips: my hair stood on end when I recollected the occurrences of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first thoughts. I reckoned eight sabre wounds on my arms, breast, and back, none of which was dangerous. As the nights in summer are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which deadened the blows. Nevertheless, I was very weak: I listened: the Turks had long since departed: I heard from time to time the groans of the wounded horses—as to the men, the Turks had disposed of them.

I immediately determined to extricate myself from the place in which I was; and in about an hour I succeeded. The track which I had before made, served to direct me. Although a war against the Turks blunts all sensibility, I felt an emotion of horror, all alone as I was, when I looked out from among the reeds. I advanced; the field of carnage met my eye, but how can I describe my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm! I beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who doubtless had returned to see if there was not still something worth picking up. Was ever hope more cruelly disappointed? I addressed him in the Turkish language: "Take my money, my watch, my uniform, but do not kill me!"

"All that belongs to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately took off the chin-cloth of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed, and consequently could not defend myself: at the least motion he would have plunged his large cutlas into my breast. I clasped him round the body in a supplicating manner, while he was engaged in laying my neck bare. "Take pity on me!" said I to him: "my family is rich; make me your prisoner: you shall have a large ransom."—"I should have to wait too long," replied he; "only be quiet that I may cut off your head." He had already taken out the pin of my shirt: I, however, still clung to him; he did not oppose it, doubtless because he confided on his strength and arms, and also from a slight feeling of pity, which in truth could not outweigh the hope of a ducat. As he pulled out my pin I felt something hard in his girdle—it was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Be quiet!" and these would probably have been the last words I should have heard, had not the horror of such a death impelled me to snatch his hammer: he did not observe it; he already held my head with one hand and his cutlas in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself, and without losing an instant, struck at him over the face with the hammer with all my force. The blow took effect; the Arnaut staggered—I repeated it, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. I need not observe that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body.

I now hastened towards our advanced posts, whose arms I saw glittering in the sun, and at length reached the camp. The men fled before me as from a spectre. The

same day I was seized with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered, and returned to the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay wine, and I learned from others, that, during my absence, several very precise predictions which she had made, had been verified, and procured her many consultations and legacies. This was very extraordinary.

Some time afterwards we were joined by two soldiers of the enemy, Christians from Servia, who had been employed in the baggage department of the Turkish army, but had deserted, to avoid being punished for some fault which they had committed. As soon as they saw our fortune-teller, they recognised her, and declared that she often came at night to the Turkish camp to apprise the enemy of our movements. This information greatly astonished us, for this woman had often rendered us important services, and we even admired the address with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. The deserters, nevertheless, persisted in their story, and added that they had several times been present when she described our positions to the Turks, discovered to them our plans, and urged them to make attacks, which had in reality taken place. A Turkish cipher served her for a passport. This convincing evidence being found upon her, she was sentenced to death as a spy. Previously to her execution, I again interrogated her respecting the prediction which she had made concerning me. She confessed that, by being a spy to both parties, which had procured her double profit, she had often learned what was in contemplation on either side; that those who secretly consulted her respecting their future fortunes had confided many secrets to her, and that she was under some obligation to chance. As to what concerned me particularly, she had selected me to make a striking example, for the purpose of establishing her reputation as a fortune-teller, by predicting so long beforehand the term of my life.

At the approach of this period she had excited the enemy on the night of the 20th of August to attack the picquet of our regiment. From the conversation she had had with our officers, she learned that two were to precede me: she had sold to the one adulterated wine, which made him sick; as to the other, at the very moment he was about to set out, she approached as if to sell him something, and had contrived to introduce a bit of burning sponge into one of the nostrils of his horse.

THE WHITE LACE GOWN.

Celia Davenant had been so well educated by her mother, who was a model of every feminine virtue, that though her fortune was very small, she had received more than one advantageous proposal of marriage; but Mrs. Davenant had always declared, that her daughter's choice should be free, and Celia had not yet seen the man

whose protection she preferred to that of her tender and indulgent mother.

Soon after she had attained her eighteenth year, a young gentleman settled in their neighbourhood, whose handsome person and large fortune made him a general favourite with all the unmarried ladies. Celia soon discovered that he possessed sense and good-humour, that his manners were very engaging, and that he danced better than any partner she had ever had before. To say the truth, he gave her every opportunity he could to judge of his proficiency in dancing, for at three balls where they happened to meet, he had secured her hand each time, and from the marked attention he paid her, it was the general opinion he would endeavour to secure it for life.

Celia was neither ignorant of this report, nor displeased at it. All that she had either seen or heard of Mr. Somerville tended to prepossess him in her favour: she endeavoured, however, to repress her rising partiality for him, on account of the disparity of fortune between them. She flattered herself that she had succeeded in doing so, till one evening when she observed Mr. Somerville for the first time very attentive to another lady, a London *belle*, whom he had never seen before, and who was really a beautiful and fascinating girl: it was easy, however, to see that she owed something to art; her dress, which was elegant and expensive, was so contrived as to display her figure to the greatest advantage. Celia had seen her before, and she remembered that she did not appear half so pretty in a plain muslin robe. For the first time Celia felt dissatisfied with her own appearance; she recollected too with regret, that her simple wardrobe afforded her no dress that was either elegant or becoming, and she found out on a sudden that she was a mere dowdy.

This fit of humility lasted, however, only till her return home, where a very agreeable surprise awaited her. Mrs. Leslie, who was an old friend of Mrs. Davenant's, and in very affluent circumstances, had some time before paid her a visit, and was attacked with a dangerous illness while at her house. During this illness Celia had attended her with the kindest solicitude; Mrs. Leslie became much attached to her, and when she recovered, was extremely anxious to take her to London. Mrs. Davenant would have consented, but Celia stedfastly refused to quit her mother, and Mrs. Leslie was consequently obliged to depart without her.

Her first care on her arrival was to send Mrs. Davenant and Celia such presents as she thought would be most acceptable to them; those for the latter were a bonnet, a spencer, and a white lace dress.

As Celia was more indifferent than most young women to the adornment of her person, her mother was somewhat surprised at the joy with which she surveyed the dress. "Indeed, my dear," said she to Celia with a smile, "I did not know before that a gown was such an important matter in your eyes." Celia smiled too, but she blushed also from a consciousness of the motive which made the gown of consequence to her.

In a few days Mr. Somerville was to give a ball, to which Celia was invited; and we may fairly conclude that she had this ball in her head when she observed to her mother, that nothing was so becoming as a dancing dress of white lace.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Celia set out for the milliner's, to choose a head-dress to wear with her new gown. The house of Mrs. Davenant was about half a mile from the town of C——; the morning was very fine, and as Celia pursued her way with a light heart, she debated with herself a question of some importance to most girls of eighteen, namely, what colours would best suit her complexion.

As she tripped along, she overtook an old man who was walking slowly towards the town of C——; he appeared excessively fatigued, and the deep dejection of his countenance proved that he was labouring under some heavy affliction.

Celia, who never saw distress without wishing to alleviate it, felt a particular interest for this venerable old man. His dress was such as denoted extreme poverty, but he did not solicit charity, and Celia, though she longed to give him something, feared to hurt his feelings by offering it.

While she was considering how to speak to him, he dropped his stick, which she sprang eagerly forward to pick up. This gave her an opportunity of entering into conversation with him, and she soon found that she was not mistaken in thinking him an object of charity.

He was hastening in fact to see his daughter, the only child left him out of seven. She had married a tradesman in the town of C——, who was recently dead, leaving her with three small children in very distressed circumstances: as she was an active industrious woman, and much respected in her neighbourhood, she might have surmounted the difficulties in which her husband's death had involved her, but for the inhumanity of her landlord, who had arrested and put her in prison for her rent. Distress of mind, added to the want of proper nourishment, brought on a fit of illness, and fearing that she should sink under it, she wrote to her father, who resided at a considerable distance, and was himself in circumstances too humble to afford her assistance, to come and see her before she died.

Such was the tale which the poor old man related to the sympathizing Celia, who was deeply affected at his distress, and the more so because she knew not how to relieve it. The sum due for rent indeed was only twenty pounds, but Celia knew that it was much more than her mother could spare; besides, to liberate the poor woman from prison without affording her some farther relief, would in reality be doing nothing. Fearful of making any promises, Celia contented herself with inquiring the name of the poor woman's landlord, and slipping a trifle into the old man's hand, she proceeded to the milliner's; but her mind was so full of the old man's story, that she returned home without making any purchase.

Surprised at her serious and thoughtful air, her mother eagerly inquired what had happened. Celia related the old man's story, and

at its conclusion inquired whether they could not do something for the poor people.

"I will do what I can certainly to furnish the poor woman with medicine and necessaries."

"And her liberty, mamma?" cried Celia.

"My dear child, you know my means will not allow me to procure it; but if I find she is really ill, I will go to her landlord and paint in the most forcible colours the dangerous consequences which may result from her being detained in prison: let us hope that he will not be so barbarous as to persist in refusing to liberate her."

Mrs. Davenant lost no time in proceeding on her errand of benevolence; she found that the old man had not exaggerated the wretchedness of his daughter's situation; she was evidently very ill. Mrs. Davenant took with her some wine and light nourishment, which the poor woman received with the liveliest gratitude; and Mrs. Davenant, on quitting her, proceeded immediately to the house of the landlord, whom she was determined to see before she returned home.

While Mrs. Davenant was absent, an acquaintance of Celia's paid her a morning visit, and the lace gown was produced for her inspection. "How beautiful!" cried she, "and how valuable too! I dare say it is worth forty guineas. Well, my dear, you will eclipse us all!" She then began to give her opinion of the manner in which it ought to be made, but Celia listened to her with an absent air; in truth, she was considering how happy forty guineas would make poor Walters and his daughter.

At length Mrs. Davenant returned. "Well, mamma," cried Celia eagerly the moment she saw her, "what news?"—"None, my dear," replied her mother; "I did not think it possible for any one to be so inhuman as the landlord has shewn himself. I tried persuasion and remonstrance in vain. I even offered him half of the money, though it would really have distressed me to pay it at this moment; but he answered me like a savage, that she should never come out alive till he was paid."

"Then the cruel wretch shall be paid," cried Celia with vivacity: "I will pay him, mamma, if you will allow me."

"You will pay him! My dear child, what can you mean?"

"If you will permit me to sell my lace gown, mamma, it will more than defray the debt. I am sure that even if Mrs. Leslie knew the use to which I have put her present she would forgive me, for she is herself so kind and benevolent, that she will never blame me for taking the only means in my power to save the life of a fellow-creature. But you are silent, mamma; surely you are not displeased with me!"

"Displeased, my dear child!" cried Mrs. Davenant, folding her in her arms while tears of pleasure filled her eyes; "no, I am proud of my child."

The next morning the gown was consigned by Mrs. Davenant to a milliner, who allowed a fair price for it, and if Celia felt some mortification on parting with it, it did not spring from disappointed vanity, but from the thought that she had lost an opportunity of appearing to advantage in the eyes of a

man whom she preferred to all others. But this little vexation was soon succeeded by the most exquisite pleasure she had ever experienced. The poor woman was in a few days sufficiently recovered to leave the prison: she came, with her father and her children, to thank her young benefactress; and when Celia heard their grateful transports; when she found that with the residue of the money received for the gown, her mother had arranged a plan which promised to afford them a future subsistence, she reflected with delight, that by a trifling sacrifice she had restored them from the extreme of wretchedness to peace and comfort.

They were strictly enjoined to secrecy, but the poor woman's gratitude was too sincere and enthusiastic to allow her to be silent; she revealed in confidence to one of her neighbours what Celia had done for her. This person washed for Miss S——, the young lady who had seen Celia's gown, and knowing her to be very fond of what is vulgarly termed gossiping, she acquainted her with the generous action of Miss Davenant.

Miss S. was one of those people who busy themselves incessantly with the affairs of others, and who, without being actually malignant, frequently do as much harm as those who are, from an indiscreet habit of speaking of every thing they see and hear. She hastened to tell the story to one of her acquaintance, and she observed that it was a wonder Celia could have relieved the daughter of Walters, because to her knowledge she had sold a white lace dress which she received as a present. "What makes me certain of this," continued she, "is that I saw one of the very same pattern at the shop of Miss Modely; and on my observing to her that it resembled Miss Davenant's dress, she coloured up and seemed quite confused. I went the next day to ask Celia whether she had had her gown made up; she said she had not, and I am sure, from her blushing deeply and appearing very much embarrassed, that she has sold it."

The lady to whom this indiscreet communication was made, had harboured for some time a design on Mr. Somerville, and had seen with no small degree of envy his apparent preference of Celia: elated by being in possession of intelligence which she thought must certainly lower her in his opinion, she took an opportunity to introduce the subject in his presence. She began by asking a lady who sat near her, whether she had heard of Miss Davenant's wonderful generosity; the other replied in the negative, and she then related what she had been told Celia had done for the family of Walters: but she took care to add, that in her opinion the story must be a mere fable. "One cannot," continued she with an affectation of pity, "conceive it possible for her to have paid such a sum, because, poor girl! I know she has lately been so distressed as to be obliged to sell a valuable present she received." Miss S——'s story of the white lace dress followed this *good-natured* speech, and she perceived with secret triumph, that Somerville listened to her with great attention. He implicitly believed that Celia had really performed the good action which he-

now heard of for the first time, and he divined almost immediately, that it was to enable her to perform it that she had sold her dress. Till that moment he had regarded Celia only as a charming girl, whom he admired without thinking of seriously, but this incontestible proof of the goodness of her heart made the tenderest impression upon his; and bidding a hasty adieu to the malicious scandal-monger and her friends, who were deeply engaged in investigating the exact amount of Celia's fortune, he hastened with all a lover's speed to the house of Mrs. Davenant, from whom he requested a private audience.

Need we say, that it was to solicit her consent to his addressing her fair daughter; a consent which she readily gave, and in a very short time afterwards Celia became Mrs. Somerville.

The morning after their marriage, Mr. Somerville presented his wife with a small packet, which, on opening, she found to contain the identical lace gown she had sold to liberate the daughter of Walters from prison.

"My dear Celia," said Somerville, as she cast upon him a look of inquiry, "I know all. I got my aunt to purchase for you what you sacrificed so nobly in the cause of benevolence. But your gown will want a trimming, my love," pursued he, putting a pocket-book into her hand; "and always remember, when distress solicits your aid, that you have a banker able and willing to replenish your purse whenever it is emptied by the calls of benevolence."

He kept his word, nor had he ever reason to repent of doing so, for Celia was as prudent as she was charitable; economical without meanness, and generous without profusion, she gave Somerville daily reason to bless the hour in which she became his.

THE DEBATE: *A Fragment.*

When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you.
The Travellers and the Cameleon.

Melville folded his arms; he threw himself backward in his chair; he played with the half glass of wine, and with conscious superiority exclaimed, "Acknowledge, my friend, that for once you are in the wrong; no follies, no depravities, no vices of our besotted countrymen ever rose to that height of deformity at which they have arrived in the year 1818." Melville had been too hard for me; in vain, in this long debate, had I urged our missionary, our Bible, and our hundred other societies, plans, and establishments for reformation or relief; he heard me not. "There is," said he, "I grant you, a raging fashion at present called the philanthropic; our misses lisp sentiment, and our lordlings exclaim for the *haut ton* while they imitate the majesty of the people. It was not so when we were young." Abashed and confounded, but not convinced, at least convinced against my will, I was overcome with the velocity but not the strength of his argu-

ments, and I remained supine, my face exhibiting a striking contrast to that of my friend, lit up with all the consciousness of superiority. The orange-peels, which, for want of argument, I had manufactured, were strewed around; books and pamphlets were within my friend's reach; the long and sullen wicks of the candles shewed that we had been too much occupied to attend to them; the few embers in the grate proved that we wanted no other warmth than that which our arguments had supplied us with; the wine, which had assisted our rhetoric, was out—we had sipped the last drop, and each, anxious for mastery, seemed too well satisfied with his own eloquence to wish any further stimulus to his oratory. To be thus beaten in my own house was more than human nature could bear, and I bent forward and played with my watch-chain, in that kind of humour which a gentleman feels who at a rubber of whist is agonized by the bad play of his lady partner, whom he longs to castigate without infringing the laws of chivalry. "Every essayist, every publication," renewed my friend in an under tone, as if to conciliate, or rather to soften the victory he had achieved, "in fact, every man who thinks deeply," he continued, raising his tone equal to the impertinence of his asseveration, "will bear me out; and here," continued he, "is a case in point," as he turned over the leaf of a journal. In vain I allowed he was right. "Let us," cried he, "make assurance doubly sure;" and in spite of my entreaties, he snuffed the candles, and proceeded as follows, without stopping, as I had hoped he would, on my ringing for t'other bottle.

"There is at present a reigning ambition among our young gentlemen of degrading themselves in their apparel to the class of the servants they keep. It may at first seem very extraordinary, that these sparks should act thus to gain admiration; but from what other cause can it be that my Lord Jehu wears a frock, a little hat, a coloured handkerchief, and in this habit drives a motley set of horses and a coach of his own, *built, by his own directions, in humble imitation of those which carry passengers on the road?* It is the knowledge of his own abilities which dictates this conduct. How pleasing is the reflection to him, that when he goes through a country town, sitting with becoming grace on his box, he hears the people say, 'There goes my Lord Jehu!' His great abilities in driving, his exactness of similitude in dress, and his affability to his brethren of the whip, must give his lordship a sensible satisfaction, that this *particularity* makes him as well known on most roads through England as the honest fellows themselves who drive the stages. I will not undertake to say, whether it is in imitation of his lordship, or whether the product of their own fertile geniuses, but I have lately observed a great number of smart young fellows dressed in the manner of my lord, with a plain shirt, buckskin breeches, and an India handkerchief round the neck, which seems to constitute the character of a pretty fellow. There is another set of sparks who choose rather to appear as jockeys; and it is seldom or never they are to be seen

without boots and whips in their hands, horseman's coats, and short-cut hair, and look rather like pick-pockets than gentlemen. My country readers may wonder that I should instance these persons as examples of ambition, but they will allow them to be candidates for public notice, when I inform them, that in these habits they appear with a kind of pride in all the public places about town. They have at last carried it so far, that in those dresses they come into the boxes at the theatres; and where one would expect to see a genteel polite circle, we view ladies of the first quality and distinction surrounded by a parcel of men, who look like stage-coachmen, jockeys, and pickpockets. As this manner of dress is accompanied with as rude a manner of behaviour, I advise these young sparks not to have so great a desire of being distinguished for the oddity of their appearance, but instead of that ardent emulation they shew to imitate the inferior class of mankind, they would exert their rational faculties, and endeavour to seem, as well by their habit and conversation, men of common good sense and common good manners!"

My friend finished this record of folly; as he termed it, with a significant "There!" I, however, begged him, before he brought this account forward as a specimen of the folly of the present age, to be good enough to look at the date of the journal he had been reading. He coloured as he viewed the old Dutch marble-paper half-binding; when I, to increase his confusion, read aloud, "*Gentleman's Magazine* for January, not 1818, but for the year *one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine;*" which, I now informed him, subtracted from the present date, would convince him, that seventy-nine years ago lords had a *penchant* for dressing like their servants as well then as in the year 1818.

To use a pugilistic term, my friend acknowledged I had taken the *conceit* out of him, and we adjourned to tea, I singing *Io triumphe*.

SKETCH OF AN ITALIAN COMEDY.

TURIN, Jan. 31, 1818.

A NEW comedy has been represented here, from the pen of the celebrated Nota, secretary to H. R. H. the Prince of Carignan: it is entitled, *La Lusinghiera*—the Enticer or Decoyer. The author has drawn his characters from life, and in the principal character the Lusinghiera not only pourtrays that capricious creature which in every corner of the globe excites numberless admirers, without loving a single one, but her whims are the offspring of an Italian fancy, and expressed in quite a different manner from that of the coquettes of France and England, or of any other country. The decoyer cannot of course shine without a train of decoyed. First comes a poor devil who loves in earnest—who roars, weeps, and despairs every moment, and who is derided and despised. Then follows a count of new creation, with the ancient manners of a rich contractor, who talks of his horses, of his contracts,

of his wealth, and calculates upon the ancient nobility of the lady to make amends for the recent date of his own. The next are two personages but too common in Italy nowadays, and both well deserving the lash of the mirthful Thalia. One of these is an uneducated cavalier, who chatters French, despising the customs of his own country, and believes that his name, his foreign manners, and his impertinences are sufficient to gain the lady. The other is a solemn pedant, who has studied the language and modes of expression current three hundred years ago, and imagines it proper to express his sentiments of love with the phrases and language of Boccacio and Vallani. There is a mean between the extremes of the ancient and modern, which the author exhibits in the character of a Bolognese noble marquis, free, spirited, and truly Italian. This is the man that touches the haughty countess to the quick, discovers her deceit, and unveils her contemptible arts. To enliven the scene, there is an old uncle of the Lusinghiera, who acts the part of a father towards her occasionally. This medal of ancient stamp holds disputations on gazettes, follows up attentively the military movements they narrate, and endeavours to divine on the map the manœuvres of the contending armies. From the nature of the characters it may be inferred, that the young lady does not love the poor devil; that she amuses herself with the Parisian of Perugia, and with the pedant of the golden age; that she would, from mere caprice, entrap the Bolognese, and that he wounds her in the tenderest part, by mortifying her pride and chastising her with a refusal.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

Mr. Grattan, the justly celebrated Irish orator, once speaking of Scotland in the Irish House of Commons, said, "I shall ever reverence that country in which a Wallace fought, a Buchanan wrote, and a Fletcher spoke."

A gentleman of the name of Urquhart lately published a book tracing his genealogy back for 18,000 years. In the middle of the work is this *N. B.*:—About *this* time the world was created!

After all the advances in the science of metaphysics, so much boasted of in the Scotch universities, it is not clear that the improvements in it have been such as to render obsolete the simple description of the blacksmith of Glammis: "Twa fouk disputin thagither; he that's listenin dinna ken what he that's speakin means, and he that's speakin dinna ken what he means himsel: that's metaphysics!"

Dr. Robertson observed that Dr. Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, desired in Scripture as being the excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

Diogenes being asked of what beast the bite is most dangerous, replied, "Of wild beasts, the bite of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer."

Those who wish to please seldom

fail. Ill-nature is its own tormentor, and mars our best endeavours; while good-nature lends a grace to all our actions; if free from error, renders them truly lovely—if erroneous, for ever excusable.

Sir Philip Sydney observes, "The soul grows clotted by contagion, imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose the divine property of her first being."

REMARKS ON BLAKE'S DESIGNS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BLAIR'S GRAVE,

(From "*Critical Description of* WEST'S *Death on the Pale Horse,*)

By Mr. WILLIAM CAREY.

FUSELI, in his just and forcible introduction to Blake's noble series of designs for Cromek's edition of Blair's poem of the *Grave*, remarks that, through frequent repetition—"The serpent, with its tail in its mouth, from a type of eternity, has become a *child's bauble;* even the nobler idea of Hercules pausing between Virtue and Vice, or the *varied imagery of Death leading his patients to the grave*, owe their effect upon us more to *technical excellence* than allegoric utility." The context and the prints may warrant a conclusion that it was, from this conviction, Blake, in those imperishable designs, did not attempt to give any defined form of Death the destroyer, to whom almost any other artist would have assigned a most conspicuous place. The skeleton rising out of the shroud, laid beside the grave, over which an angel sounds the last trumpet, is an emblem of the resurrection of the dead, not a personification of Death, the insatiate devourer.

Having mentioned these drawigns by Blake, I feel their strong hold upon me, and must obey the impulse. It would be impossible to enumerate, in a restricted space, the succession of beauties in these affecting groups; yet I cannot, without self-reproach, and an abandonment of a public duty, pass them in silence. They abound in images of domestic gentleness and pathos; in varied grace, and unadorned elegance of form. Their primitive simplicity of disposition and character is united with bold and successful novelty, and a devotional grandeur of conception. Although obliged to derive almost the entire of his materials from the sepulchre, there is not an image capable of exciting disgust or offence in the whole. Even when representing the dread unknown beyond the grave, he still contrives to keep the fancy within the sphere of human sympathy. His agents, in general, after having shaken off the grosser substance of flesh, still retain the unaltered form. They appear to move round us upon solid earth; like ourselves, enjoy the light of day, and are canopied by an unclouded sky. With a few unimportant exceptions, his style is uniformly chaste. His energy is devoid of extravagance or distortion; his anatomical learning of pedantry; his grandeur free from wildness, and his beauty from affectation. His spiritual forms are truly "angels and ministers of grace." His gloom has nothing depressing or sullen; its soothing

spell charms the attention, and fills the mind with serenity, hope, and elevation. His solemn religious fervour, without deeply wounding our self-love, abates the angry passions, whispers an eternal lesson of admonition, and inspires us with *what ought to be the aim of all religious instruction, a love of our fellow-travellers in the vale of mortality*. The heart follows the rapt enthusiast with pleasing sadness, and shares in the mournful delight of his journey, while his placid but melancholy fancy bids the bloom of beauty triumph over the shadows of death, breathes a nameless loveliness on things unearthly, and sheds a mild and holy illumination on the night of the grave.

I have applied the term "placid" to the finely tempered spirit of this artist's genius, as it appears in those affecting compositions, and in the deep serenity expressed in his portrait, by the masculine graver of the elder Schiavonetti, from the painting by Phillips. I never had the good fortune to see him; and so entire is the uncertainty in which he is involved, that, after many inquiries, I meet with some in doubt whether he is still in existence. But I have accidentally learned from a lady, since I commenced these remarks, that he is certainly now a resident in London. I have, however, heard enough to warrant my belief, that his professional encouragement has been very limited, compared with his powers.

One fact is clear, that the purchaser of his drawings for the "Grave" was not a person of *rank* and *independent fortune*. The world is indebted to the superior taste and liberal spirit of that ingenious engraver, Cromek, as a printseller and publisher, for the engravings of those designs. Beyond the circle of artists, I anxiously look round for the designer's *patrons*. In an engraver, now no more, he found a purchaser, and in the Royal Academy, a recommendation to his country. *Posterity will inquire the rest.*

It was but the other day, that a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, *friends of deceased genius*, was held to raise money for a monument to the Scottish poet *Burns*. I can have no other sentiment but that of deep respect for those individuals and their praise-worthy motives. But notwithstanding the laudable example set by the British Institution, I cannot help asking, with a view to others, how long will this fatal neglect prevail? this apathy which abandons men of genius to languish through life, and die in indigence; and flatters our own vanity, by commemorations and sculptured marbles over their insensate dust? Alas! poor Summerfield! neither imprudence, nor envy, nor calumny, nor poverty, nor hunger can touch you now! The grave has afforded you an asylum; and your graver erected your monument.

I should fail in my sense of duty, were I not here to notice a fact which does honour to the Royal Academy. If my information be not erroneous, and I think it is not, Blake is one of those highly gifted men, who owe the vantage ground of their fame solely to their own powers. I have heard that he was originally an engraver of book-plates. Yet, far from endeavouring to keep him in the back-ground,

or question his merits, in 1808, when he executed the drawings for the "Grave," eleven members of the Royal Academy bore testimony, in a public advertisement, to their extraordinary excellence. The name of the venerable president West appeared at the head of the list; followed by Sir William Beechy, Richard Cosway, John Flaxman, Thomas Lawrence, Joseph Nollekens, William Owen, Thomas Stothard, Martin Archer Shee, Henry Thomson, and Henry Tresham, Esquires. In addition to this powerful recommendation, Fuseli, the lecturer of that body, wrote for publication, his high opinion of the series. The truth and eloquence of his remarks would alone confer permanent distinction on the designs, even if they had not been consecrated to posterity by the inspiration which they breathe. Phillips, whose best portraits unite a *correct definition of details*, and an admirable truth of resemblance, with grace, spirit, and a noble breadth and harmony of effect, bore testimony to the merits of Blake's drawings, by painting his head for Cromek, the intended publisher of the plates. The vigorous character of nature in this masterly picture is a fine lesson for the florid and flimsy *mannerists* of the day. The countenance expresses the deep calm of a spirit, lifted above the little concerns of this world, and already, in imagination, winging its way beyond the skies. In this honourable effort of the Royal Academicians to draw the attention of the public to the highest department of invention, portrait-painters, sculptors, and historical designers liberally cooperated.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIX.

The proper study of mankind is man.——POPE.

I PROCEED to fulfil the promise of my last paper, which treated of the *Faculties:* the *Affections* and the *Passions* will form the subject of my present lucubration.

When by contemplation of the object, or reflection on its agreeable qualities, our approbation of it is attended with a sensation of pleasure, and an inclination or propensity towards it as good, it is denominated LOVE. This may be extended into the succeeding ramifications:

When we are ourselves the ultimate objects of our love or regard, it is called *self-love;* which, when accompanied with certain inordinate propensities towards outward objects, takes the following distinctions:

Self-love, when it is influenced by an anxious desire of equalling or excelling others, is called *emulation.*

Self-love, when engaged in the immoderate desire of any object possessed by another, is *covetousness*, or when wealth is its peculiar object, is *avarice;* and, according to the value that appears to be put upon outward possessions, our distribution of or affection towards them assumes the distinct names of *penury*, *frugality*, or *profusion.*

Self-love, exercised in the pur-

suit of power and authority, is called *ambition;* and insatiable ambition, when armed with absolute power, without goodness, is *tyranny.*

Self-love, tending to the sole gratification of the senses and appetites, acquires the name of *voluptuousness* or *sensuality;* which takes the different characters of *gluttony, luxury, dissoluteness,* &c.

Self-love, courting ease or rest, may be denominated *indolence;* which, when immoderately indulged, so as to induce a certain debility or vacuity of thought, is called *sluggishness* or *sloth.*

Love assumes the general name of *benevolence* when others are the ultimate objects of it, without regard to their moral qualities, but only as partaking the same common nature with us, and the capacity of receiving good from us.

If love arises from a natural or habitual disposition of pleasing, or communicating good to others, it is called *universal good-will* or *good-nature:* when displayed to inferiors or dependants, it becomes *humanity;* and when it is exercised without regard to their immediate wants, and looks not for any return, it is *beneficence* or *liberality.* Benevolence to our benefactors is *gratitude,* and the expressions of it form *praise* and *thankfulness.*

Benevolence to those who need our assistance, and to such as are disposed to do us injury, is *mercy,* or *forgiveness,* or *clemency;* and if it controuls our power to return injuries, it becomes *lenity,* or *forbearance,* or *meekness.*

Benevolence to the afflicted is *pity* or *compassion;* and when joined to a fellow-feeling of their distress, arising either from similar experience or from natural humanity, it becomes *sympathy;* and the desire to relieve them, without any expectation of a return, is *charity.*

A natural or habitual complacency of disposition, engaging to a love of general society, is *sociableness,* or what may be called a disposition to good fellowship; while mutual complacency, intimate regard and equality, with a conformity of dispositions, principles, and pursuits, constitute that happy union of minds which forms *true friendship.*

Complacency, in a small degree, is expressed by *satisfaction;* in a higher degree, by *delight;* and when regard is had not so much to the qualities of the object, as its relation to ourselves, it is called *kindness* or *tenderness.*

When the objects of our love and complacence are such as stand in any natural relation to us, it becomes *natural affection;* and when our native country and its interests are the objects of it, it then assumes the title of *patriotism.*

An attachment to particular sects, factions, or opinions, to the prejudice of true piety or patriotism, is *narrowness* of *spirit* or *bigotry;* but when this attachment is regulated by reason and benevolence, it becomes *moderation.*

When the SUPREME BEING is the object, an habitual desire of pleasing him, with a disengagement from whatever may lessen our regard and affection towards him, is known by the name of *devotion;* which, blended with a filial and reverential fear of offending him, is *godliness* or *piety.*

An uncommon vehemence of

temper in our attachment to the propagation of particular opinions is *zeal;* and zeal, accompanied with uncommon energy of spirit, and elevation of fancy and affection, is *enthusiasm.*

From *love* we proceed to its opposite.

A disinclination of the mind towards an object, occasioned by frequent reflection on its odious qualities is HATRED.

Evil received or dreaded excites *malevolence;* and a disposition to displease others, is *ill-will* or *ill-nature;* while such a feeling long continued and unmerited, is *malignity* or *malice.*

Any degree of ill-will to our benefactors, a neglect of them, or undue returns to their kindness, is *ingratitude.* A malevolent opposition to governors or superiors in the lawful exercise of their authority, is *rebellion;* while an open disobedience to the will of God, and a contempt of his commands, is *impiety.*

Malevolence to the wretched is *inhumanity;* an unwillingness to favour or relieve them is *uncharitableness,* and an absolute inattention to their distress is *hard-heartedness:* to these add insolence, and they become *barbarity* and *cruelty.*

A wanton ill-treatment of others without benefit to ourselves, is *petulance;* which, when the characters, rather than the persons, of others are attacked, is called *obloquy, reproach,* and *scurrility;* and these, when softened or enlivened by some mixture of wit and humour, is *raillery* and *invective.*

Evil or injury received, but without any further apprehension, occasions *displeasure,* and a still smaller sensation of this kind is *dislike.*

When hatred is directed to any thing criminal, without manifesting any wish to extenuate, it becomes *harshness* or *severity;* and when it is levelled at what are called pleasures or amusements, without making allowances for their vivacity or occasional excesses, it must be named *moroseness.*

When displeasure is suddenly and actively exerted, from any occasional perturbation of the mind, it hurries through the different emotions of *animosity* and *anger,* and may terminate in *outrage.*

An injury from an inferior may be termed an *indignity,* and the sense of it *indignation.*

The sense of any injury is *resentment;* which, with a propensity to injure the offender, without a desire of reclaiming him, is *revenge:* this, when settled into a habit, and without displaying a wish for reconciliation, is *spite* and *rancour.*

An habitual proneness to anger on every trifling occasion, is *fretfulness* or *peevishness:* this, when silent, is *sullenness;* when talkative, is *snarling;* and when accompanied with an impatience of contradiction, is *perverseness.*

Anger, rising to a very high degree and extinguishing humanity, becomes *wrath, rage,* and *fury.*

When our approbation and love of any object are accompanied with uneasiness in its absence, and pleasure from its approach or the promise of its attainment, our affection towards it is called DESIRE.

Desire, inflamed and continued, is called *longing;* when much excited, is *greediness* or *avidity;* and when unaccompanied with the deliberation of reason, is called *propensity.*

Desires after what merely ad-

ministers to the support of the body, are denominated *appetites;* and in a proper restraint or moderation of them, consists the cardinal virtue of *temperance.*

When regard is not had to the nature and qualities of the object, so much as to its relation or agreeableness to us, we are said to regard it with *partiality.*

A weak motion or tendency of the mind towards the object desired, is called *inclination;* which, when violent, and such as cannot be rationally accounted for, is denominated *impulse.*

When our disapprobation and hatred of any object are accompanied with a painful sensation, on the apprehension of its presence and approach, the inclination to avoid it, is called AVERSION.

Aversion in its weakest degree, or rather the absence of desire, is considered as *indifference.*

Aversion to any object previous to examination, or without rational grounds for it, is *prejudice;* and when it arises from previous experience of its disagreeable qualities, it is *disgust.*

Aversion to any object when we are constrained to choose or comply with it, is *reluctance;* and a constitutional aversion, without regard to qualities or the impression on others, is a *natural antipathy.*

When displeasure and aversion rise very high, especially upon an apprehension of moral evil in the object, it is called *detestation* or *abhorrence;* and when accompanied with alarm at an approach to it, is *horror.*

A mixture of desire and joy agitating the mind, according to the probability there is of accomplishing the end, or obtaining the good desired, is defined to be HOPE.

Weak or distant hope, waiting the success of means, is called *expectation:* the steady maintenance of hope even in this state, when sufferings are in the way to it, is *patience;* and a devout acquiescence to sorrow, is *resignation.*

Hope, deliberating about the choice of means, is *hesitation;* and wavering or fluctuating about the use of means, is *suspense.*

Desire, especially when mingled with hope, disposes us *to wish;* but while we have more of desire than hope, and the assent of the mind is delayed and unsettled, we are said *to doubt.*

When doubting and suspense become habitual, especially in matters of faith, the consequent uncertainty or vibration of opinion is denominated *scepticism.*

When suspense is overcome, and the means fixed, we acquire *resolution;* which persisted in when the grounds of it are insufficient, is *obstinacy* or *stubbornness;* and stubbornness in matters of opinion is called *dogmatism.*

Contempt of danger, in the execution of a predetermined resolve, is *intrepidity, boldness,* or *courage;* and an impatient encountering of danger is *rashness.*

That strength or vigour of mind which appears in a display of courage, firmness, and resolution, when much opposition is to be resisted, distresses supported, and difficulties and dangers surmounted, for the attainment of great and valuable ends, constitutes the cardinal virtue of *fortitude.*

Hope, elated from security of success in obtaining its object, is

called *confidence;* but groundless confidence is *presumption.*

Confidence without modesty, or a justifiable security of obtaining the proposed object, is *impudence.*

A mixture of aversion and sorrow, discomposing and debilitating the mind, upon the approach or anticipation of evil, is FEAR.

An over-active fear of any event, mixed with minute alarms, &c. is *solicitude* or *anxiety;* which, when immoderately indulged, is *impatience.*

Fear of being circumvented in the attainment of any good, excites *suspicion;* which, when heightened to a certain degree, becomes *jealousy.*

On the approach of an object accompanied with an irresistible and increasing alarm and dread, the mind is disposed to yield to *despondency;* and when all hopes of averting it are extinguished, *despair* succeeds.

Fear, blended with humility and fluctuating in the choice of means, becomes *irresolution;* and when flying from danger, instead of encountering it, the feeling is *cowardice:* a sudden and unaccountable fit of it is *panic;* and when excessive, is *terror.*

A pleasing elevation of mind, on the actual or assured attainment of good, or deliverance from evil, is denominated JOY.

Joy, on account of good obtained by others, is expressed by *congratulation;* and when it arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements, in which others share with us, is called *mirth* or *merriment.*

Joy, arising from success against powerful opposition, is named *triumph;* and when accompanied with ostentation, becomes *vain-glory.*

When joy is settled into a habit, or flows from a placid temper of mind, formed to please and to be pleased, it is called *gaiety, good-humour,* or *cheerfulness.*

Joy, rising high on a sudden emotion, is *exultation,* and immoderate transports of it are considered under the character of *raptures* and *ecstasies.*

Habitual joy and serenity, arising from the perfection, rectitude, and due subordination of our faculties, and their lively exercise on objects agreeable to them, constitute *mental* or *rational happiness.*

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Piano-Forte Primer, containing the Rudiments of Music, calculated either for private Tuition or teaching in Classes, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 4s.

IN the preface, which appears to us very sensible and unassuming, Mr. B. informs us, that this book is not intended to interfere with the mode of instruction which any master has already adopted; but to be used either in private tuition or teaching in classes, in addition to the lessons already in use. The author further adds, with becoming modesty, that he does not presume to suppose his labour to offer any thing new, and that he shall consider his object fully attained if his performance be found a useful publication.—That this is actually the case, an inspection of the

little volume before us enables us most positively to assert. Mr. B. has here developed the rudiments of music with great method and perspicuity; his definitions are clear and satisfactory, and his language will be found altogether plain and intelligible to juvenile capacity. Among several chapters, the systematic arrangement of which claims our approbation, we particularly notice the tenth, which derives the formation of the modern major scale from the combination of two adjoining tetrachords. This is the real origin of our diatonic scale, which has been made up of two diatonic tetrachords of the Greeks. We observe with equal satisfaction the derivation of the scales of the allied keys from one or the other tetrachord of the parent scale, such as G and F from C, &c. In explaining the scale of G (*p.* 42), where Mr. B. states, "F is sharpened *in order to form the second tetrachord*," we wish he had said, "in order to reduce its distance from G, to that of a semitone." The remark of Mr. Burrowes on the subject of pupils playing in classes appears to us very just. "Only one pupil should be *taught to play* at a time," however useful it may be to let the pupils occasionally play together what they have first learned separately.

" *When jealous fears inspire us,*" *translated from the popular Song of* " *Dans un délire,*" *in the Opera of* Joconde, *adapted to the original Music of Nicolo* by Wm. Ball, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a very interesting air; the melody flows in a smooth graceful style, and there is considerable variety of ideas in so short a compass. The passage "The tender bondage," &c. is particularly striking and original, although the C ♭ may meet with some difficulty of intonation on the part of common singers. The piano-forte accompaniment is not always the most adequate, and can hardly be deemed a faithful extract from the score of a composer of Nicolo's reputation.

" *Chatsworth House,*" *a favourite Rondo for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire,* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

Two movements in G major: an allegro in $\frac{4}{4}$ and a rondo in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The first of these is of a determined military character, in fact a march; its construction is regular and well proportioned, and although the melody, which occasionally assumes the manner of a bolero, does not offer striking novelty in ideas, some neat transitions afford proper variety and relief. We cannot profess peculiar partiality to the E's with which the bass of the second strain sets out and continues for some bars; the key being A minor, it ought, we think, to have been more fully indicated by its fundamental. The trio in C, and its digressive portion in E, are satisfactory. The subject of the rondo, which partakes of the character of a quadrille, is neat and lively; the constituent parts are in a familiar style, with a sparing admixture of modulation into other keys, except the *minore,* which goes creditably through some attractive ideas in G minor and B major, and leads to an appropriate and effective conclusion.

"*What it is to love,*" *a Ballad written by Miss Stockdale, to whom it is most respectfully inscribed* by J. Jay, M.D. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Dr. Jay's piano-forte compositions have on more than one occasion received favourable comment in our monthly critique. We now introduce him, for the first time we believe, as a lyric composer. The specimen in this line is not one of great compass or profound harmonic combination—this would have been out of place, considering the nature of the text;—but it ingratiates itself by chasteness of melody, good rhythmic arrangement, and effective harmonic treatment. We feel warranted in pronouncing "What it is to love" a sweet little song, and we hope the author will not relinquish a path in which he appears to be perfectly at home. In the fourth bar of the symphony the G in the bass causes some harshness.

"*Fare thee well,*" *the Words by Lord Byron, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Manners,* by G. W. Maddison. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Of the many ditties which have been tuned up to this unfortunate lament of a separation *a mensâ ac toro*, this seems to us the most unfortunate one. It possesses but few claims to notice on the score of melody, there is a want of connection between the successive ideas, and the harmony is more than once liable to serious animadversion.

Favourite Airs selected from Mozart's celebrated opera Il Don Giovanni, *arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute ad lib.* by John Purkis. No. II. Pr. 2s.

As we have already introduced the first number of this publication to the notice of our readers, we shall merely state in this place, that the continuation before us is founded on the finale to the second act of *Il Don Giovanni*, on the favourite air "Là ci darem' la mano," and on the equally popular song "Giovinette che fate all' amore." These materials have been blended together with some freedom, yet with sufficient discrimination to form a satisfactory whole. The harmonic arrangement does credit to Mr. P. and the flute part is devised with proper attention to the character of the instrument and to executive facility.

Mehul's celebrated Overture dell' Irato, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

The recent death of the veteran Mehul, who ranked among the first French composers for the drama, confers some additional interest on this publication. In point of science and good style the present overture approaches the best productions of the German school, and Mr. Rimbault's arrangement has given to it all the effect which lay within the reach of the confined score to which he limited his labour. The piano-forte part, by itself, will convey a tolerably correct idea of the merit of this composition.

Set of new and elegant Series of Quadrilles, *with their proper Figures to each, terminating with three national Waltzes, as performed at Almack's, the Argyle, Bath,*

and Cheltenham Rooms, also at the Nobilities' Assemblies, arranged for the Piano-forte and Flute, or only for the Piano-forte or Flute, by Augustus Voight. Pr. 2s. 6d.

As it is only of the musical value of this publication that we feel qualified to give our opinion, we have no hesitation in saying, the dances it contains have afforded us entertainment. The selection is very good, the harmonic arrangement quite satisfactory, indeed superior to the generality of books of this description, and the elegant typographical execution does credit to Mr. C. Wheatstone, the publisher. The last waltz, which is ascribed to Mozart, deserves special notice; we consider it a very fine one.

"*Jolly old Bacchus,*" *the Poetry by Joseph Robins, Esq.; the Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed* by Mr. R. Beale. Pr. 2s.

A jovial anacreontic song, of spirited melody, rather in the old style of composition, and greatly resembling similar productions by the late Mr. Dibdin. The text likewise reminds us of that gentleman's poetic effusions; with some difference, however, in his favour: the word "influence" is totally unmusical, and "Whilst to Bacchus our hearts *doth* incline," ungrammatical.

Everett's grand March for the Piano-forte. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This book contains much more than its laconic title led us to expect; not less than three movements: a largo, the march, and a rondo, which perhaps is intended in the way of quick march. The first of these has our decided approbation; it is a solemn slow movement in C minor, conceived and conducted in very good style, and rendered interesting by some touches of select harmony. The grand march in E ♭ is very well, but offers no idea of originality; the trio in A ♭, however respectable in general context, is liable to the same observation. The rondo is agreeable and lively. Two strains in E ♭, and a sort of trio in B ♭, form its materials. After these are propounded, we encounter, all at once, a sudden and rather rapid modulation into no less distant a key than *G* ♭*!* which being enharmonically exchanged for F ※, brings us into five sharps, and repeats, seriatim, all we have heard before in B ♭, in the key of B ♮, the notes being throughout the same, with only a different signature. This we look upon as a *concetto* intentionally resorted to by the author, but we confess it does not please our taste. In a composition of this description, such strong and permanent aberrations from the key must be deemed too great a liberty. When the four strains are gone through in five sharps, a modulation quite parallel to the one before-mentioned leads to a pause in G ♮, which conducts us to C minor and E ♭, the original key, in which some of the previous portions are repeated, a cadence introduced, and the piece brought to a close by a coda of considerable merit and ingenuity, in which a *battery* (to borrow the French term) in the Beethoven manner comes in with effect (*p.* 8, *ll.* 3 and 4). Although Mr. E.'s harmonies are generally of the correct kind, we have remarked one or two cases of

a contrary nature: consecutive fifths, for instance, present themselves in the middle of bar 5, *l.* 6, *p.* 4; and the same recur in the next page.

"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,*" *sung by Mr. Braham in Guy Mannering, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Symphonies and Accompaniments* by Mr. Topliff. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. T.'s share in this publication of the above highly popular song has our approbation. The symphonies are appropriate, and a due simplicity in the accompaniments has been observed, without falling into the extreme of meagerness. The harmony also is correct.

The popular Air "Oh! it was not for me that I heard the Bells ringing," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.

An andante of considerable merit forms the introductory movement. The melody is chaste, and the harmonic arrangement, generally in four parts, is conducted with great taste, and with no mean degree of skill. Some bars of active bass accompaniment (*p.* 2) likewise demand our decided approbation. The theme to the variations is apt for the purpose, and the variations themselves are in good style and faithful to the theme. There is a good minore, a pretty waltz, and a shewy bustling brillante couched in semiquavered triplets.

La Delicatesse, a Waltz Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed by C. L. Lithander. Op. 10. No. 1. Pr. 2s.

The subject of this waltz in D is one of peculiar lightness and elegance; and the trio in G, besides its correspondence of style with the subject, is equally conspicuous for its neatness. In some of the strains, however, the periods are concluded by a formula of two crotchets, which seems to us foreign to the style of a waltz, and indeed to the smooth character of the subject itself; and in bar 7 we could have wished the E's in the bass and treble, immediately after the D's in both staves, had been avoided by some slight melodic alteration. In *pp.* 2 and 3 we observe some very interesting ideas in A major and F minor, and a well-contrived bass passage. Indeed the whole of this rondo makes good the title which it bears; it is written with great neatness of expression, and its execution requires more than what a first glance would lead us to expect.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

AT the close of last month, the *fourteenth* Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours took place at the great room Spring Gardens. This year's Exhibition, though not so numerous as the last, is yet full of works of merit in the several departments of art which it is the object of this society to embrace: the landscapes are well selected and pleasing, and the drawings in particular are as

various in point of subject, as they are tasteful in colouring and execution. There are altogether 369 works; all the members have contributed, and the other exhibitors consist of some of the most eminent artists in the rising school. We must necessarily abridge our remarks on this Exhibition, and confine ourselves to some of the most prominent works, though there are others well entitled to notice, if time and space admitted of a more detailed examination.

Two Studies of Heads—Study of a Head for the Picture of Christ entering Jerusalem—Listening to the Voice of the Angel of Death—Study from a Polish Jew—Study of a Gipsy—Portrait of Wordsworth.—B. R. Haydon.

From the foregoing list it will be seen that Mr. Haydon has not been an inert contributor to this Exhibition. The sketches display the vigour and energy of this artist in a striking degree. The studies are animated and full of characteristic expression: that for the picture of Christ (which, by the way, ought to be finished by this time,) has the energy of Michael Angelo's *Moses*, and not a little of the frenzy which that celebrated piece of sculpture rather inappropriately possesses. The Listening to the Voice of the Angel of Death, which is taken from the two following lines in Sale's *Koran*—"The Angel of Death they call Duma, and say, he calls dying persons by their respective names at their last hour,"—is peculiarly striking; it is ghastly and full of horror. The Polish Jew is a spirited and admirable portrait; and Mr. Wordsworth is indebted to the artist for a likeness not merely of the contour of his strongly marked countenance, but of the mental and intelligent expression which it displays.

Three Designs, from the Tale of the Seven Sleepers, from the Peruvian Tales, and from the Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Anois.—T. Uwins.

This artist, who is secretary to the society, has contributed eleven works, many of which are portraits. The designs express poetical subjects from the sources we have mentioned, and are in many parts extremely beautiful; that of Dakianos destroyed by a serpent is uncommonly well executed.

Queen's State Bedchamber, Windsor Castle—The grand Saloon, Buckingham-House, &c. &c.—J. Stephanoff.

Mr. Stephanoff has, besides these, a number of drawings of splendid apartments in Kensington and the other royal palaces. They are very creditable to his taste, and his peculiar brilliancy of colouring afforded him the means of representing with proper richness the gorgeous and splendid silk and velvet tapestry and furniture which decorate these spacious and magnificent apartments.

Blue Velvet Room and Golden Drawing-Room, Carlton-House—St. George's Hall, Windsor—View of St. George's Chapel looking East, &c. &c.—C. Wild.

This artist has also exhibited thirteen drawings of the royal apartments, which are uncommonly beautiful; the architectural parts are highly finished, and with the most laborious minuteness: the perspective is every where preserved with excellent correctness.

Queen Mary's State Bedchamber, Hampton-Court — Cupola-Room, Kensington Palace.—R. Cattermole.

These are correct and well-drawn representations of the above apartments.

Hagar and Ishmael—Loch Tumel, Perthshire—Durham—Corfe Castle, misty Morning, &c. &c.—G. F. Robson.

This artist is, as usual, a large and most efficient contributor; he has in this Exhibition no less than thirty-one works. His drawings are in every respect beautiful. The Hagar and Ishmael is bold, and in a free style: the Durham is a soft and pleasing landscape: the Loch Tumel is transparent and beautiful: the Corfe Castle is also full of merit; it is a faithful copy from nature, and in the artist's best style.

The happy Valley.—G. Barrett.

This artist has selected a subject from Dr. Johnson's beautiful description of the happy valley in *Rasselas*, which was fertile in every thing that could administer to the luxuries of a terrestrial paradise. The composition is poetical, and shews a fertility of invention which stamps the character of the artist: the colouring is rich and tasteful; and though the subject rather invited than rejected meretricious and glowing ornament, yet the artist has reined in (if we may use the expression) his imagination, and carefully kept the tone of colouring within the boundaries of probability and truth. The rich luxuriancy of nature is every where pourtrayed, and the colours are contrasted with skill and effect. The landscape is delightful.

View at Abbot's Leigh, Somersetshire.—Miss H. Gouldsmith.

This is a pleasing landscape, and highly creditable to this lady, who has other works in the Exhibition, which establish her powers in that department of art generally cultivated by ladies, and always with that taste of which their more refined perceptions are so susceptible.

Hellebore, or Christmas Rose.—Miss M. A. Walton.

This small picture has some beautiful colouring, but it is so highly finished that it strikes the eye with some degree of hardness.

Henry IV. of France about to put himself at the head of his Army, taking leave of Gabrielle d'Etrées, and pointing to the Romance which he composed on the occasion, as containing the true expression of his sentiments.—Fradelle.

The vivid and sparkling colouring of this picture is not its only merit, it is also full of tender and interesting sentiment. The distinguished warrior, in his full suit of armour, is about to quit the soft retirement which he indulged with his beautiful companion, who, on her knees, seems anxious either to protract his stay, or bless his enterprise. He points with a consolatory glance to the poetical lines he had just written, and the eyes of the beautiful Gabrielle meet his with the tenderest attachment.

Charmante Gabrielle
Ferée de mille dards
Quand la gloire m'appelle,
Sous les drapeaux de Mars;
Cruelle départie
Malheureux jour,
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

The hero's expressive features

shew that these melting lines were not the emanation of a cold calculating pen, but the genuine effusion of the tenderest passion.

Part of the Interior of Tintern Abbey, Chepstow Castle, &c. &c.—W. Glover.

This artist, who, on former occasions, was so large a contributor to this society, has on the present confined himself to four pictures. They are in his usual style, with much to please, and something for the fastidious observer to desire in vain. The Interior of Tintern Abbey has many points of deserved attraction: the architectural parts are very good, and the scenery in the background is managed with excellent and picturesque effect; but the trees are, as usual, dotted, and there is a want of breadth and a carpet-like smoothness in the fore-ground that convey somewhat of an artificial effect. The colours both in this picture and the Chepstow Castle are very well laid on, and the other works are creditable to the taste and skill of this indefatigable artist.

Landscape and Cattle—Scene on the Beach at Cromer—Grove Scene near Norwich, &c. &c.—J. Stark.

This active artist improves in each successive Exhibition; his colouring is soft, pleasing, and natural, and his views are taken from those parts of nature which are always pleasing and exhilarating. The scene on the beach at Cromer is coloured with exquisite taste; it is altogether one of the artist's most skilful productions.

St. John preaching in the Wilderness.—J. Linnell.

Artists, like other men, have their peculiarities and predilections, which, as we find with others in society, they are most anxious to obtrude, and are the only persons who do not see, that if they succeed in their struggle, they attain and adhere to that which is an imperfection and blemish. So it is in our humble opinion with Mr. Linnell, for whose capacities and powers as an artist we have a sincere respect, but he will not satisfy himself with seeking perfection according to the generally admitted principles of colouring with which nature abounds; he travels into a new track, and speculates upon the adoption of a new system, in which it is impossible he can ever succeed, until the time arrives to which the facetious Peter Pindar alluded, when Nature may be induced to turn round and copy her colours from art. The colouring in which this artist indulges (at least which he wishes should predominate) is not to be found in nature, except indeed he has taken for his model the deep copper-coloured shadow which any of the celestial bodies presents to our eye when about to be obscured by an eclipse. This we have no doubt the artist thinks a perfection: now we think precisely the reverse of it, and only regret that good drawing, bold and free style of handling, and some tones of colouring which are vigorous and well applied, should all be deteriorated in their combined and general effect by the pursuit of a process, as hopeless in its chance of eventual success and adoption as any that was ever sought after in the regions of alchemy.

Sir John Falstaff examining his Recruits.—J. Cawse.

> *Falstaff.* What trade art thou?
> *Feeble.* A woman's tailor, sir.
> Second Part of King Henry IV.

This artist has several well exe-

cuted pictures in this Exhibition, but that of Falstaff is not only the most humorous but also the best coloured. The colouring is rich and harmonious; the window and light are finely managed; the expression of the jolly knight is truly facetious, and the recruits present a rare motley combination of most ludicrous objects.

Flowers—Fruit and Flowers.—J. Barney, sen. and jun.

These little works are full of sparkling colours, and display the proficiency which the artists have attained in imitating the brilliant hues of nature in subjects of this description.

Banditti in a Cavern—Gipsies.—J. Smith.

These drawings are executed in a free and bold style, but the subjects are coarse and uninviting.

Coast near Eastbourne.—H. Gastineau.

A very good representation of stormy scenery.

Cattle, Twilight.—R. Hills.

This, as well as the other landscapes by the same artist in the Exhibition, is full of merit, and shews considerable taste and skill.

Fighting Dogs getting wind.—E. Landseer.

If truth and admirable precision of execution can atone for the obtrusion of a subject but little calculated to please or instruct a well-regulated mind, the vulgarity and offensiveness of this representation are redeemed by the unerring fidelity with which the artist has painted the dogs, which appear almost to breathe on the canvas. We have hardly ever seen a more faithful or spirited representation of animal life; it is well entitled to a place in a stable or sportsman's hall—but is the art to have no higher range?

Mr. C. V. Fielding has some excellent landscapes; and Miss Kendrick has been very successful this year.

Messrs. J. Holmes, P. Dewint, S. Prout, W. Turner, and other artists of merit, have also good specimens of their several styles of art in this Exhibition, which on the whole is very creditable to this society.

RUBENS'S TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.

A VERY fine picture by Rubens, called *The Triumph of Charity*, is now exhibiting at the Gallery, Leicester-square: it strongly exemplifies both the faults and the brilliancy of this celebrated artist's peculiar and magical style; it is in some parts coarse and careless, in others full of divine and irresistible expression. The figure of Charity is represented in a triumphal car drawn by lions, and attended by a number of infantine figures, allegoric emblems, and a ring of boy-angels. The colouring is excessively rich and brilliant, but the picture appears to have received considerable injury in its journey to this country; and by a rare and most fortunate chance (for which it is difficult to account), it has escaped the still greater ravages of those experimentalists, the picture-cleaners, to whom some of the finest works in the Louvre were indebted for that *retouching*, which in many instances obliterated the original character of the

work. The creases in this picture, which denote the injury it sustained, and in some places nearly make the canvas visible, are still so little observable, that they do not interfere with the strong chiaro-scuro and brilliancy of effect that predominate in the picture: indeed these partial flaws contribute to develop the strong imagination which Rubens must have had, when he could execute so large a picture without repainting. The expression in the figures is strong and vivid throughout, except in one of the boys, whose contour of body is stiff and clumsy, and whose head is mean in the expression, and the colouring is here tame. The ring of boys is beautiful in the extreme, and those in the chariot are beyond all praise. The most perfect representation of beauty and innocence that can be conceived, is the boy who guides the car; the contrast which his gentleness and delicacy present to the proud and majestic appearance of the lions, is finely conceived, and expressed with unique strength.

This picture is said to have been executed by order of Philip IV. for a convent near Madrid founded by his favourite minister.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 29.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE subjects of the designs to which the following descriptions refer, are the Six of Diamonds, the Five of Spades, the Ten of Clubs, and the Two of Hearts: they are chiefly satirical allusions to the follies, the dissipation, the ambition, and the pride of philosophy, with which a large portion of mankind are as vainly amused as unprofitably employed.

The SIX OF DIAMONDS represents the characters of a pantomime, and the several personages of the scene will be easily recognised. The emaciated and decrepit debauchee is still assuming the gallant, and mixing the habiliments of the soldier with the airs and manners of a youthful *petit-maitre;* he is gazing on a distant lady, whilst she, whom he vainly fancies he possesses in perfect security, is bestowing her favours on the first idiot that solicits them. The female is wantonly attired, and holding in her right hand a mask, the emblem of her duplicity, and from the other arm suspends a ridicule, the type of her condescensions. The diamond forms an ornament to a fan, ridicules, and the furniture of the apartment.

The FIVE OF SPADES exhibits a party of officers and their favourite female companions carousing over their Rhenish, on the eve of a new campaign: one of them has mounted his chair, and is about to commence a farewell speech; to this, however, all the party are not prepared to give an undivided attention. The spade forms an argand lamp, the backs of chairs, and architectural embellishments.

The TEN OF CLUBS is an imaginary chamber of temporal dignities and worldly honours; it is decked out with the insignia of distinctions, from the unadorned helmet of the simple knight, to the high-crested plumage of the impe-

rial head-piece and diadem. The artist has here satirized the sacrifices which youth make to the shrine of love, and also the inordinate ambition of age: for in the painting he has represented the *marchand* as offering the least ornamented helmet to the notice of the youthful princess, who condescends to prefer its simplicity; whilst the aged courtier behind is represented as boldly fixing his eager eye on the target surmounted by a crown.

The TWO OF HEARTS, an allusion to the misapplication of time; the subject representing an aged seer in search after worldly acquirements even at the door of the tomb, before which a vase is placed containing an aloe, a plant which the nations of the country in which it is indigenous consider as emblematic of vast age and even of eternity, believing that it blossoms but once in a century, and blossoms a hundred times. On this plant the ephemeral butterfly is creeping, an emblem of the brevity of temporal existence and of a future state.—"This man," says the disciple of wisdom, "seeks retirement and shades; he is employed only in adding to the overcharged stores of his own acquirements, forgetful that the lessons of virtue are communicable—that the precepts of the good are as beacons to the young and the unwary, and that man was not born for himself alone."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 30.—DINNER DRESS.

A WHITE British net dress, which is worn over a bright peach-colour satin slip. The dress is finished at the bottom of the skirt by a row of broad and singularly beautiful trimming, composed of satin to correspond with the slip, which is interspersed with narrow white silk fancy trimming: a row of this latter is placed at the edge of the bottom of the skirt, and another row surmounts the peach and white border. The body is called the *corsage à la Circassie;* it is composed of peach-colour satin, made without seam, cut very low in the bust, displays exactly the proportions of the shape, and is so contrived as to form a novel half-sleeve, which wraps across at the lower part, and displays a full white satin sleeve worn underneath. The body and sleeves are ornamented with narrow white silk trimming, to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, a bright peach-colour silk handkerchief, disposed in the turban style, and ornamented in front with a large bunch of white roses. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in full curls at the sides. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves. White satin shoes. Small ivory fan.

PLATE 31.—MORNING DRESS.

A cambric muslin slip, richly finished round the bottom of the skirt with festoons of work, surmounted with ornaments of work intermixed with lace. Over this is

MUSLIN PATTERNS

worn the Hesse breakfast robe, composed of jaconot muslin. The form of this robe is very novel and becoming: it is open in front; the trimming is composed of the same material, it goes round the robe, is very broad and full; the fulness is disposed in a novel style. The body is made without seam, it fits the shape exactly, and has a high standing collar. Long full sleeve, finished at the wrist by a trimming to correspond with that round the robe, and surmounted by a small epaulette of a singularly pretty shape. Breakfast *cornette*, composed of bobbin net; the caul is of a moderate height; the ears, which are very narrow, fasten under the chin; and it is tastefully ornamented with a bunch of flowers placed upright in front. The hair is slightly parted on the forehead, and disposed in full ringlets on the temples. Gloves and shoes, white kid.

The bonnet placed near this figure is composed of small diamonds of cork, laid on one over the other; it is a French shape, the crown higher than any we have lately seen; the brim is of a moderate size; the top of the crown is elegantly ornamented with a rouleau of mingled white and cork-coloured satin; the brim is also enriched with satin to correspond; it is lined with white satin, and ornamented with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have little variation to announce in promenade costume since last month. For plain walking dress, pelisses composed of green, dark blue, or dove-colour sarsnet, are much in estimation; they are made in a neat and simple style, something longer in the waist than last month, with a plain long sleeve and a small standing collar: they are generally trimmed with satin.

For the dress promenade, spencers are more in estimation; they are usually composed of rich figured sarsnet, but we do not perceive any material alteration in the mode of making them since our last number.

Promenade bonnets continue the same as last month, both in materials and form. We think the large shape is likely to predominate during the summer.

For the carriage costume, pale blue, peach-colour, striped green, and white levantine or *reps* silk pelisses are most in favour. White satin spencers are also in general estimation; they are usually trimmed with blond.

For carriage and dress promenade, the union hat, which we noticed in our preceding number as *un chapeau très élégant et superbe*, is in much estimation, having been presented to royalty; since then we have seen a rich production (from the same manufacturer, Mawman Brown of Newman's-row, Lincoln's Inn Fields,) of wove straw and cordonna and the beautiful article *perlée baleine:* this is one of the most splendid materials for ladies' hats ever introduced.

Morning dress continues to be made of jaconot and cambric muslin; and we see with pleasure that needlework is generally adopted

for trimmings. Robes continue to be worn, but they are now usually a little shorter than the slip, and several of them are rounded at the corners. Some are tight to the shape behind and loose in front; others draw in to the waist in the manner we described last month: these, we think, are more general. The favourite trimming is beautiful; it is a broad rich flounce of work, which goes all round the dress, and is attached to it by a piece of soft muslin of about a nail in breadth, which is drawn into the form of diamonds by coloured ribbon; this is headed by a puffing of muslin. The long sleeve is finished at the wrist by a rich ruffle of work, and there is a full epaulette composed of three rows of work.

We see with pleasure that sarsnets of every description are very much worn in dinner dress. India muslin is also in estimation. Dinner gowns continue to be worn low; but we have observed one very elegant novelty of a different form, which we think very well worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

It is composed of bright green sarsnet with a small white leaf. The body is nearly three-quarters high; the back is plain, tight to the shape, and broader at the bottom of the waist than they are generally worn. The front is very elegantly let-in with white satin, and ornamented at each of the lettings-in, which are placed across the front, with bright green satin leaves. The sleeves, which are very short and full, correspond with the front, and are finished at the bottom by a full puffing of blond lace. The bust is ornamented with a similar puffing. The bottom of the skirt is elegantly finished with white satin; it is laid on full, and nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth; the fulness is confined in waves by a wreath of bright green satin leaves; a puffing of blond finishes this trimming on each side. This dress is extremely novel and tasteful.

In speaking of full dress, we cannot forbear noticing the very elegant one in which her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth was married: it was composed of rich silver tissue, the body and sleeves full trimmed with Brussels point lace; the latter, which are particularly beautiful, are looped in the drapery style with silver tassels. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with two flounces of Brussels point lace, each flounce headed with shells composed of silver net. The robe was of silver tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed with Brussels lace; the trimming headed with silver net shells to correspond with the dress. A superb clasp of diamonds ornamented the waist. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a magnificent bandeau of diamonds.

This superb and elegant dress does credit to the exquisite taste which her royal highness is so well known to possess.

Full dress, in general, is extremely tasteful at this moment, and the materials vary more than usual at this season of the year. White satin, plain, figured, and striped; white lace, British net, and gauze, are all adopted by youthful *élégantes.* Ladies more advanced in life wear white and coloured satins: the latter are very much in favour. Frocks are in general estimation for full dress, as are also *corsages* of

satin mixed with blond or *tulle*. Of the bodies of dresses we have only to remark in general, that they are made extremely low all round the bust, and the sleeves, which are always full, are as short as possible. Trimmings afford considerable variety; blond is much in favour. Full flounces of blond, two or three in number, are frequently headed with shells composed of the same material. Draperies composed of alternate falls of satin and blond, fastened with satin roses, are also much worn. Spanish puffs of British net, which are edged with white satin, and interspersed with bows of ribbon, are also in favour. Embroidery does not seem to be much worn, except in silver, in which it is very general for ball dresses, for which light silver fringe is also a good deal used.

Trimmings are now of a moderate and becoming height: trains appear to increase in favour in full dress; but the demi-trains, which are at present coming into fashion, though more convenient, are certainly not so graceful as the long trains, which some years ago added much to the elegance of the figure.

Caps continue to be universally worn in undress, but they have not varied in form since our last number. They are also in favour in half dress; but we have observed that white lace half-handkerchiefs, some of which are elegantly embroidered in coloured silks, are much in estimation. Caps, however, are upon the whole more predominant.

Head-dresses in full dress continue nearly the same as last month, except that *toques* are more worn, and that feathers, unless for very young ladies, appear in greater estimation than flowers. We have observed some very elegant women at the Opera with silver tissue handkerchiefs twisted through their hair, the ends of the handkerchief formed a rosette on the left side; it was placed at the base of an elegant plume of feathers.

Fashionable colours for the month are, amber, blue, Pomona green, grass green, straw-colour, and peach-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

WHEN I wrote to you last, our fair fashionables wore in general spencers or silk shawls for the promenade: now pelisses are considered more fashionable than either. Many ladies, however, appear with only a lace *fichu*, which is worn underneath the gown; and the weather is at present mild enough for them to do so without danger to their health.

Pelisses continue to be made short in the waist; they are worn more off the shoulders than they have been for some time past, and the backs are likewise of a more moderate breadth: they are still worn tight to the shape. The trimming is usually of platted silk; it is about an inch in breadth, and goes all round the pelisse. The long sleeve is also finished with it at the wrist, as is likewise a very small epaulette; the latter, as well as the wrists and throat of the pelisse, are elegantly finished with

blond. The pelisse fastens down the front on the inside, and is just short enough to display a little of the flounce of the under-dress.

The dresses which I have just spoken of as being worn with only a *fichu*, and which are fashionable alike for dinner and for the promenade, are composed of silk tissue, sarsnet, and sometimes of *perkale*. The trimming is always the same as the dress; it consists of a broad piece laid on full, and divided into *bouillons* by silk cord, which corresponds in colour. The body is moderately low round the bust; the back is plain, but the front is striped lengthwise with silk cord, which has the appearance of small rouleaus. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond with the bottom of the skirt: there is also a half-sleeve of the same description. The *fichu* worn with this dress is composed either of *tulle* or clear muslin, but the former is considered most fashionable; it is made tight to the bust, and finished at the throat by a ruff, which is disposed in large plaits: the ruff is open in front, and partially displays the throat. The general effect of these dresses is novel and pretty; they are singular without being *outré;* and though made in general in very shewy colours, their being trimmed to correspond prevents them from being glaring.

I must now endeavour to give you some idea of our head-dresses, which, to speak in the Irish style, afford great variety with little difference. The fact is, that the materials of *chapeaux* are various, and each *modiste* arranges them according to her own fancy; but the shapes of hats are in general the same, or nearly the same, so that whether the stuff is put on bias or straight, full or plain, they have a strong similitude. An oval crown, always very low, with a brim extremely deep in front and rounded at the ears, is at present the only shape in request.

The materials consist of straw, plaid silk, crape, *gros de Naples*, and satin; of these the least fashionable is straw, and the most tonish is crape. Rose-colour is the highest in estimation, but lilac and citron are also fashionable, and they are always contrasted: if the hat is citron, the trimming is lilac; if it is composed of lilac stuff, the trimming is citron: but the most elegant hats are those composed of rose-coloured crape, and ornamented with the same.

Some hats are finished round the edge of the brim with two bands of ribbon; others have a quilling of blond set on very full; but the latest fashion is a trimming of gauze cut bias, and set on double and moderately full: there are three rows of gauze laid on one above another at some distance. The gauze has sometimes a corkscrew roll of very narrow ribbon, laid on where it is tacked to the brim, the effect of which is rather pretty.

Perkale is generally adopted for morning dress, but coloured muslins are also partially worn; they are either spotted or striped, and are trimmed with the same material. The skirt, which is now worn of an easy fulness, is ornamented at the bottom by three flounces, placed at very little distance from each other: these flounces are of a moderate breadth, and are disposed in large plaits. The body is made

full; it is finished round the bust with two rows of trimming, which is put on just over the shoulder: this trimming, which is also disposed in large plaits, forms a kind of pelerine. The dress is made up to the throat, with a standing collar, which, however, is always covered with a large ruff. Plain long sleeve, made rather loose, and finished at the wrist to correspond with the bottom of the skirt.

Evening dress has not varied in the materials since I wrote last, but it is a good deal changed in the form. *Belles* of all ages are now attired in the robe *à l'enfant*. This juvenile habit is, as you may suppose, far from being generally becoming. The body is cut in the style of an infant's frock, and quite as low round the bust; which is, however, partially shaded by an under front, composed either of blond, rich work, or lace. The sleeves are frequently long, but have seldom any ornament, except a few tucks at the wrist. The bottom of the skirt is differently trimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, either with Spanish puffs, which are composed either of satin or *tulle*, flounces of blond lace, or bands of embroidered ribbon: this last trimming is much in favour; the bands are from three to five in number, and placed pretty close to each other.

Cornettes have entirely superseded round caps in half dress; they are worn also occasionally in full dress. The cauls are always of a moderate height, and some quite low: these latter are in fact made out of a plain piece, which is cut out at the top to the size of the crown of the head, and a small crown is tacked in, round which is a wreath of flowers, and at one side a very large bow of ribbons; it is finished by a lace or *tulle* border set on next to the face.

Toques and turbans are but partially worn in full dress; the latter are, however, more in favour than the former: they are generally composed of plaid gauze, and are ornamented with feathers. Crape hats and *tulle* caps are, however, considered more fashionable: these are always decorated with flowers. Roses, lilacs, and ranunculuses are much in favour; but the yellow flower which the French call *immortelle*, is higher in estimation than any other.

The hair is dressed lighter on the forehead than when I wrote last, but the hind hair continues to be worn as I then described it.

Coral is now perfectly the rage in jewellery. The lady who would be thought fashionable, adorns herself with a coral necklace, earrings, clasp for her waist, ornaments for the shoulder-straps of her dress; and if she appears *en chevelure*, her hair also is decorated with coral ornaments.

I have just seen a wreath of wild berries composed of coral and emeralds, which is really beautiful; the berries are coral and the leaves emerald: they are made strictly to imitate nature, and have certainly a very striking effect, but they are more calculated for a winter head-dress than for the present time of year. The season is, however, seldom considered by the Parisian *élégantes*.

I shall quarrel with you, my dear

Sophia, if your letters are not more circumstantial; they are in general much too short to serve as replies to those voluminous epistles you receive from your ever affectionate EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE LOVER'S TASK.

(From Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady,* by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN.)

IT is now more than a year since I thought myself upon the point of becoming the happiest man in the world: the death of a very distant relation had given me possession of an easy independence, and the mother of a charming girl, whom I had long loved, consented to bestow her daughter's hand upon me.

Nothing remained to complete my felicity but my Sophia's consent to fix a day for our union; when an incident, of a nature apparently trivial, obliged me to undertake a very irksome task; and doomed me, for a considerable period, to the miseries of celibacy.

Conversing one evening with Sophia, I happened to speak slightingly of a novel which was lying upon the table, and from defending its merits she proceeded to speak, in what I thought exaggerated terms, in favour of similar publications. One of my faults, and I must own that it is an unpardonable one in a would-be Benedict, is an impatience of contradiction. I am afraid that I supported my opinion with more warmth than politeness would strictly warrant, and I concluded by a declaration, that I believed it very possible to manufacture works of fancy, from the short story which adorned the pages of a magazine, to the ponderous romance, without any portion of natural genius whatever.

I was surprised to see the dove-like eyes of my Sophia lighten with indignation at a speech, which was wholly void of intentional offence to her; for Heaven knows, I was totally ignorant at that time, that she was a constant writer for every one of the magazines that do not pay for contributions. Surprise, mingled with the fear that I had offended her, although I knew not how, rendered me silent; and after a short pause she rose, and saying that she had an engagement, coldly wished me a good evening.

The next day I was refused admittance. Almost distracted, I applied to the mother of my offended divinity, and from her I soon learned the extent of my offence. Such of my readers as have ever been in love, will readily believe, that I heartily cursed my folly, when I found that all attempts to conciliate my Sophia were vain. At length I succeeded, but with considerable difficulty, in procuring an interview, in which I tried to make my peace, by unsaying all that I had previously said against her favourite works; but my re-

cantation availed nothing. Sophia had taken it into her head, that my general censure of light works was aimed particularly at her writings; and this idea rendered her so indignant, that it was a long time before she would even grant me a patient hearing.

At last her countenance assumed something of its former suavity, and she said with a smile, which, however, had something of malice in it, " Well, Mr. Puzzlebrain, if you are really anxious to make up a quarrel, which, however, is solely attributable to yourself, there is one way, and one too which I am sure you will acknowledge to be very easy."

" Name it, my dearest Sophia," cried I; " name any thing you please, and judge of the force of my attachment by the readiness with which I will comply with your wish."

" Nay," answered she, " it is a mere trifle—only to write a novel, a romance, or a few volumes of tales, four or five will be sufficient."

Conceive, if you can, reader, the change which these words produced in my feelings: it was absolutely some minutes before I could articulate, during which Sophia surveyed me with malicious pleasure.

At last I stammered out, that as it must be a work of time to compose so many volumes, I hoped she would not delay my happiness on that account; and after our union, if she still continued to wish it, I would set about a novel as soon as she pleased.

But the cunning gipsy was determined not to come to any promise. " A work of time," cried she: " you surprise me! Surely you forget that nothing can be easier than to manufacture works of this description."

" Dear Sophia, be merciful!"

" Merciful! Am I not merciful? Can you seriously call it a punishment to do what you have yourself declared requires only a little labour? and would you grudge a little labour to oblige me?"

The tone in which these words were uttered was irresistible. — " No," replied I, rapturously kissing her hand; " I will do whatever you please."

Happy in being thus restored to favour, I believed, when I quitted her, that nothing would be easier than to complete my work in a few weeks; and on reaching my house I sat down, though it was then eleven o'clock at night, to begin it.

At the moment when I dipped my pen in the inkstand, it occurred to me that so far from having laid down any regular plan for my work, I had not even considered whether it was to be a novel or a romance; I laid down my pen, and throwing myself back in my chair, I shut my eyes, and began to meditate upon the subject.

After passing more than two hours in a vain endeavour to arrange a plot for my work, I was roused by the watchman calling half-past one, and I retired to bed, with my spirits somewhat depressed by this first difficulty.

But this was nothing to what I experienced the next day; I sat down to my desk with a determination not to quit it till I had arranged the plot of a novel. During eight hours I wrote and tore

and wrote again, without being able to produce one to my satisfaction; at last I flung down my pen in a rage, execrated my stupidity and the ill-nature of Sophia, paced my library till I was absolutely fatigued, and at last recollected that it was two hours after my usual time of dining.

In the hope that with the assistance of Bacchus I might be better able to propitiate the Muses, I drank nearly double my usual quantity of wine, and heroically resolving to commence my work with spirit, I returned to my library, opened my desk, and had actually manufactured six lines of a neat address to the reader, when I dropped asleep; and after a nap, which lasted two hours, was awakened by my man's coming into the room to know what I chose for supper.

It was too late to think of doing any thing more that night, and I went to bed with a determination to rise very early the next day, and to devote the whole morning to study; nor could I help anticipating the pleasure I should feel in presenting Sophia, in the evening, with the first few pages of my work. I fell asleep with my head full of the most agreeable ideas, and set about my task the next morning with the utmost alacrity.

But whether my want of gallantry, in falling asleep in their service the preceding evening, had disgusted the Muses; whether I am naturally too sincere to succeed in fiction, or whether I am too stupid to form what the ladies would call a *readable* one, I know not: certain, however, it is, that my plot, for I did at last arrange something like a plot, was wofully deficient in incident, and totally devoid of probability.

Bad as it was, I hugged myself on having succeeded so far; but I resolved not to shew my work to my mistress, till I had made some progress in it. From what I have already related, the reader will have no difficulty in believing, that my progress was very slow; there were various reasons for this: my mistress and my friends engrossed a good deal of my time; exercise and sleep drew largely upon the remainder; and of those hours which I devoted to my work, more than two-thirds were often wasted in a vain endeavour to strike out new incidents, alter my *dramatis personæ* to advantage, or give an air of novelty to some trite reflections. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said Garrick in his farewell prologue; and in truth, my mode of estimating the literary corps of Grub-street underwent a very considerable change. But while this revolution was taking place in my opinions, three months had elapsed, and one sheet of my work was not yet completed. I tried every means to get Sophia to remit my penance, but in vain: all I could obtain was a mitigation of it. She consented to accept of three volumes instead of five; but to my infinite mortification she declared, that her doors should be shut upon me, till I presented myself before her with my MS. completed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRIDE.

(From *Remarks, Moral, Practical, and Facetious, selected from the Writings of the late* W. HUTTON, *Esq. of Birmingham.*)

PRIDE is a most necessary thing. Man would be lost without it. Like a prompter behind the scenes, it influences three-fourths of our actions, though we do not always observe it; and when we see it, we wish another may not. One half of our actions are disguised, that others may not think ill of us. Let a man but look within himself, and he will see an odd compound.

It is curious to observe the progress of that most predominant of the human passions, pride. Love is as powerful, but his reign is short: pride appears at an early period, and continues for life. Before the infant can lisp out a word, it rejoices at the sight of a new pair of shoes; and before he quits the world, he methodically plans his funeral.

It operates on our food; or why do men of sense hold critical discourses by the hour on dainties? Or, if a man buy a piece of meat in the market, why does he order it to be carried home; but if he buy a couple of chickens, take a pride in carrying them himself? Or why are we inwardly chagrined when we are accidently surprised with a table thinly spread? Why did two frugal sisters, who chose to appear elegant with a slender income, daily marshal the tea-equipage, while they secretly breakfasted upon water-gruel? Or why did Michael Pare seem a little confused, when caught dining upon dry potatoes mashed with their peelings?

Pride shews itself even in our inquiries; or why did I *sneak* a private view on foot, like a stolen wedding between the master and the maid, of that disregarded piece of antiquity, London Stone? while a visit to the Pantheon, like the nuptials of higher parties, will bear a coach, or a puff in the papers.

Pride is inseparable from the human character: the man without it, is the man without breath. We trace it in various forms, through every degree of people; but, like those objects about us, it is best discovered in our own sphere: those above and those below us rather escape our notice; envy attacks an equal. Pride induced the pope to look with contempt on the European princes, and it now induces them to return the compliment; it taught insolence to the Spaniard, selfishness to the Dutch; it teaches the rival nations of France and England to contend for power. Pride preserves a man from mean actions, it throws him upon meaner; it whets the sword for destruction, it urges the laudable acts of humanity, it is the universal hinge on which we move; it glides the gentle stream of usefulness, it overflows the mounds of reason, and swells into a destructive flood; like the sun, in its milder rays it animates and draws us towards perfection; but, like him in its fiercer beams it scorches and destroys.

Money is not the necessary attendant of pride; for it abounds no where more than in the lowest ranks. It adds a sprucer air to a Sunday dress, casts a look of disdain from a bundle of rags; it

boasts the *honour* of a family, while poverty unites a sole and upper-leather with a bandage of shop-thread. There are people who even *pride* themselves in humility.

This dangerous *good*, this necessary *evil*, supports the female character; without it, the brightest part of the creation would degenerate. It may be asked, "What portion may be allowed?" Prudence will answer, "As much as you please, but *not* to disgust."—It is equally found in the senate-house and the button-shop: the scene of action is the scene of pride.

Pride is usually founded upon the possession of a supposed excellence, but has always a flimsy basis. Should a person abound with landed or nabob property, he can only consider himself a tenant at will, whose inheritance is short and uncertain; consequently, he is not far from a level with the meanest. Should he boast "a long line of ancestry," then more scoundrels may be found in *his* family, than in *his* who has no pedigree. If *beauty* is the capital, it is a flower which cannot be preserved from fading. If the possession is that of *good sense*, it will teach the owner another and a better lesson; if a *title*, his pride is founded only upon the breath of his prince, which every man may ratify or refuse at pleasure: for this is a tribute which even a peer cannot demand. Pride of every sort, beyond that which preserves from meanness, appears ill in every eye except the owner's.

LORD BYRON.

(From *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, by the Count DE STENDHAL).

I WAS introduced at the theatre to Lord Byron. What a grand countenance! It is impossible to have finer eyes! The divine man of genius! He is yet scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and he is the first poet in England, probably in the world; when he is listening to music, it is a countenance worthy of the *beau idéal* of the Greeks.

For the rest, let a man be ever so great a poet, let him besides be the head of one of the most ancient families in England, this is too much for our age, and I have learned with pleasure that *Lord Byron is a wretch*. When he came into the drawing-room of Madame de Staël at Copet, all the English ladies left it. Our unfortunate man of genius had the imprudence to marry; his wife is very clever, and has renewed, at his expense, the old story of *Tom Jones and Blifil*. Men of genius are generally mad, or at the least very imprudent: his lordship was so atrocious as to take an actress into keeping for two months. If he had been a blockhead, nobody would have concerned themselves with his following the example of almost all young men of fashion; but it is well known that Mr. Murray, the bookseller, gives him two guineas a line for all the verses he sends him. He is absolutely the counterpart of M. de Mirabeau; the federalists, before the revolution, not knowing how to answer the *eagle of Marseilles*, discovered that he was a monster*.

* In giving the above, as it stands in the original, no offence whatever is intended to any of the parties concerned:

The Provençal could laugh at what befel his countryman; the Englishman, it appears, thought proper to take up the matter in the high tragic tone. The injustice which this young lord has met with in his own country, has rendered him, it is said, gloomy and misanthropic. Much good may it do him! If at the age of twenty-eight, when he can already reproach himself with having written six volumes of the finest poetry, it had been possible thoroughly to know the world, he would have been aware, in the nineteenth century, there is but one alternative—to be a *blockhead* or a *monster*.

Be this as it may, he is the most delightful monster I ever knew: in talking of poetry, in any literary discussion, he is simple as a child; the reverse is the case with an academician. He can speak the ancient Greek, the modern Greek, and the Arabian. He is learning the Armenian language here of an Armenian papas, who is occupied in composing a very curious work to ascertain the precise situation of the garden of Eden. This work Lord Byron, whose *sombre* genius adores the Oriental fictions, will translate into English. Were I in his place, I would pass myself off as dead, and commence a new life as Mr. Smith, a worthy merchant of Lima.

it is only to shew the manner in which even the concerns of individuals in this country are made the subject of animadversion among foreigners; and that they, no less than our own countrymen, will take the liberty of sitting in judgment upon what does not concern them, and deciding peremptorily with a very imperfect knowledge of the matter.—*Translator.*

LETTER OF THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ORFORD.

(From *Letters from the Hon.* Horace Walpole *to* George Montagu, *Esq.*).

Arlington-Street, Jan. 11, 1764.

Instead of politics, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on new-year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilette Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper, in which, in a hand as small as Buchinger's, who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A new-year's gift from Mab our queen:
But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace
To shew abroad your mottled face;
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of Ob the king.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down. Impatient to revisit her coat, and to shew the ring to her maid, she whisked up

stairs; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor: new exclamations! Lady Suffolk bade her open it: here it is:

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence,
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turn'd our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king;
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear;
The tattling zephyrs brought it here,
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage,
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
"Bring me my magic wand," she cries,
"Under that primrose there it lies;
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat.
Ixion once a cloud embrac'd,
By Jove and Jealousy well-plac'd.
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en l'air!*"
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she wav'd her wand around;
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclin'd to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd th' unfinish'd charm.
And though not chang'd to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate;
Yet as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart,
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injur'd Oberon be your slave.

The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple poet-laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet-laureate than for making one: however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was to excuse: but, first, I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock, Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten,) arrived at Lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "O madam," said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!"—"Lord, child," cried my Lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up.—"O madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?"—"Dear madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, *Oberon Imperator;* and two sheets of warrants, strung together with blue silk according to form; and at the top an office seal of wax, and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:

From the Royal Mews:
A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office:
A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command with-

out fee, being entered in the office-books.

From the Lord Steward's Office:
A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe:
Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office:
A year's salary, paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel-Office:
A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command, without fee.

Then came the patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprights,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art;
Taught her to tune the harmonious line
To our own melody divine;
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart,
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill:
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack, an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter's feast comes round,
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the shortest night of the year.

OBERON.
And underneath,
HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd, master of the Mint, Lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko - Chetwynd; he fourscore, she seventy-six; and what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances!—Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in great forwardness, an engraved *Portrait* of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, by Henry Meyer, after a painting by W. H. Watts.

R. Ackermann has in the press a new edition of Accum on *Gas*, which will appear early in May.

Considerable interest was excited in the fashionable world, and among gentlemen connected with the science of mechanics, at the opening view, on the 4th of April, at Mr. DODD'S, Crawford-street, Montagu-square, of the first carriage finished on the new principle of Mr. ACKERMANN'S *Patent Move-*

able Axle. No public notice was given, and the attendance was not only select, but such as to admit of the fullest and most complete practical examination of the improvement, by seeing it in full action in the different evolutions of the carriage, in the yard of Mr. Dodd's manufactory. Mr. BRUNELL, whose mechanical skill has gained him so much deserved reputation for his admirable government works at Portsmouth, Woolwich, and other places, was present, among other gentlemen well known in the scientific world, and with them he concurred in admitting the originality and merit of the invention. Having already described its principle minutely, it will be sufficient for us to add, that such gentlemen as wish to examine its details, may have their curiosity gratified by seeing the carriage at Mr. Dodd's.

Mr. James Arrowsmith of Richmond, Yorkshire, has in a state of considerable forwardness, a work, to be published by subscription, entitled *An Analysis of Drapery, or the Upholsterer's Assistant.* It will contain plans, in addition to numerous designs, shewing the formation and proportion of each section requisite to compose the whole, without the trouble of comparing them with a scale; and calculated to facilitate the cutting of drapery with accuracy and elegance. The proposed method is the result of upwards of twenty years' experience and attention of the author to that particular department. To render the system as intelligible as possible, the plates will be accompanied by explanatory letter-press and introductory geometrical figures, indispensable to a knowledge of the business. A table will be subjoined, shewing the proportions for cutting one hundred and thirty various sized festoons, either for cornices or folding over pins, every one of which has been practically proved.

Whittle and Laurie have announced the publication, in two parts, of a *General Description of, and Directions for, the Coasts of Brasil,* from Maranham in the north, to Rio de Janeiro and Santos in the south; accompanied with three large and elegant charts of the coast and harbours, from the surveys of Lieutenant Hewett, R.N. and others; and in which, from original observations, the enormous errors of all preceding charts and directions for these coasts have been obviated.

Mr. Faithhorn has ready for publication, a very considerably enlarged edition, being the third, of *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints,* and those various and extensive derangements of the constitution arising from hepatic irregularity and obstruction; with practical remarks on the biliary and gastric secretions, and upon other important points essential to health; pointing out a new and successful mode of treatment, illustrated by numerous cases.

Mrs. Dark of Calne, *protégée* of the Marchioness of Lansdown, has in the press, a volume of *Sonnets* and other poems.

Nightmare Abbey, a novel, by the author of Headlong Hall, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, *Geographical Questions and Exercises,* blended with historical and biographical information, by R. Cham-

bers, author of an Introduction to Arithmetic.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 8vo. *Lectures on the Gospel of Saint Matthew*, by the Rev. Oliver Lodge, A. B.

The following are the results of observations made in the Royal Observatory, Turin, 1817: The barometer rose to its greatest height 2d Nov. and marked 27° 9′ 60″; the lowest point was 26° 3′, on the 27th of the same month. The greatest height of Reaumur's thermometer was 27° 70′, on the 2d of July; the lowest was 6° 8′ below zero, on the 31st Dec. In the course of the year there were 216 fair days, and only 29 rainy. The quantity of rain that fell was only 14 inches $9\frac{1}{2}$ lines, the usual quantity being annually 30 inches.—The evaporation was extraordinary, amounting to 69 inches $3\frac{3}{10}$ lines, the usual quantity being only 50 inches. The learned Professor Vassali Eandi observes, that the greatest depression of the barometer took place at the period of the terrible storms in the West Indies and America.

The population of Turin, Dec. 31, 1817, amounted to 88,570 souls; namely, 43,199 males, and 45,371 females; of the following classes: 510 priests; 198 churchmen, but not in orders—*clerici*; 49 friars; 34 nuns; 10,578 tradespeople; 6045 servants; 69,224 of various conditions; and 1450 Jews.

Poetry.

LARGA'S VALE*: *a Poem.*

By John Carnegie.

Adieu! ye woods, ye streams, ye plains,
Ye mountains high, thou azure main,
Ye songsters all, whose warbling strains
Oft cheer'd my heart and banish'd pain—
Adieu! still may your charms prevail
To bless the hours at Larga's Vale.

There hospitable friendship deign'd
To shed her blessings all around;
There gentle Peace with Plenty reign'd,
And jocund Mirth her votaries found;
Alas! no more delight the tale
And social glee at Larga's Vale.

The rural nymphs along the plain
In sportive dance were often seen,
And gaily join'd th' enamour'd swain
In rustic gambols on the green;
The charming milkmaid dropp'd her pail,
To enjoy the sports in Larga's Vale.

Along the beach, when lull'd the storm,
I lov'd to roam where Mary stray'd;
With transport view'd her peerless form,
Which grace and loveliness display'd:
O matchless maid! no more avail
To me thy charms at Larga's Vale.

Fast tripping o'er the verdant lawn,
Fair Margaret wander'd not unseen,
Was oft observ'd at dewy dawn
Laving her form in ocean green;
Dress'd in her robe and flowing veil,
Again she tripp'd it o'er the dale.

Now 'cross the brooks, fresh as the morn
She bounds—then by the hedges close
The dew-drop from the spangl'd thorn
She brush'd—then cropp'd the blushing rose;
While charm'd the skylark's matin note,
She hasten'd to her straw-roof'd cot.

O thou! whom views sublime delight,
Whene'er thy lot may chance this way,

* Larga's Vale takes it name from Largs, a small but beautiful village in Ayrshire, in Scotland, about fifteen miles below Greenock, lying on the Frith of the Clyde, to which the gentry from Glasgow and other parts resort for summer and sea-bathing quarters.

Gently ascend Knock's* towering height,
And thence the expansive scene survey;
Grand, far beyond my faint detail,
Must prove the views round Larga's Vale.

Progressive landscape chains the eye
O'er boundless seas, woods, hill, and dale;
While numerous herds are browsing by,
Or distant lowing to the gale;
Now gallant ships, with swelling sail,
Glide by the shores of Larga's Vale.

Here *Cumbrae's* isles contiguous lie,
There *Bute's* fair shores, a rich domain,
While *Arran's* mist-clad summits high
Rise distant on the western main;
Bright clouds majestic roll between,
While Sol refulgent gilds the scene.

Lo! yonder, dimly to the eye,
Which great Atlantic's current braves,
Distinguish'd Ailsa's† rock descry,
Unmov'd by storms or dashing waves:
Enchanting object, rock of Aile!
Glimmering afar from Larga's Vale.

From Hayley's banks to Kelburn‡ grove,
From Kelburn grove to Fairley§ fair,
Where shall we find the scenes that prove
A match, or can with thee compare?
O may no feuds or storms prevail
To cloud thy beauties, Larga's Vale!

Peaceful retreat! in sweetest guise,
Fast by a sheltering mountain's side,
Fair, modest Brisbane|| hidden lies,
Justly esteem'd the valley's pride:

* *Knock*—A hill in the vicinity of Largs; laid down in the charts as a land-mark to mariners.

† *Ailsa*—A rock of great height, and of a conical form, standing in the middle of the sea between Arran and Ayrshire, about forty miles south from Largs.

‡ *Kelburn*—A beautiful seat belonging to the Earl of Glasgow, about a mile from Largs.

§ *Fairley*—A small village two miles from Largs, near which an old castle still stands, where it is reported the famous warrior Hardyknute and his daughter Fairley fair once resided.

|| *Brisbane*—The seat of Sir Thomas Brisbane, to whom the Largs and circumjacent land chiefly belong.

Here dwell content thy cotters hale,
Fair Brisbane, pride of Larga's Vale.

Though peace and happiness now reign,
The historic page in days of yore*
Unfolds, by war's terrific train
Those fields distain'd with human gore;
Here giant Terror stalk'd his round,
And scowling view'd each baleful wound.

Here Haco dar'd th' embattled plain,
His chosen troops unnumber'd fell,
Whose boasted prowess prov'd in vain
Scotia's repulsive charge to quell;
To Alexander's arms they yield,
And slaughter'd legions strew the field.

Hark! or does the Muse inspire
In Fancy's mind the scenes that rise?
Here hoary veterans expire,
There youthful vigour dormant lies;
Fell Carnage rears his gory head,
And, ah! what scenes of horror spread!

What frantic vision's that I see,
With locks dishevell'd, bosom bare,
Now lowly bending on one knee,
Her visage struck with wan despair,
Now folding to her throbbing breast
A clay-cold corse, in armour dress'd?

'Tis Halicon! a fairer dame
Sure never grac'd the nuptial tie;
She with her warlike husband came,
With him to live, with him to die—
Sweno! in martial ardour strong,
The pride of all th' embattled throng.

How graceful! in his armour clad—
She clasp'd him thrice with harrow'd soul;
Then to the field in haste he sped,
Fearless, impetuous, 'bove controul:
There Sweno fell 'mong thousands slain,
Death's victim on th' ensanguin'd plain.

* *In days of yore*—A. D. 1263. In the reign of Alexander III. King of Scotland, the town of Largs was rendered memorable by a battle fought there under the command of Alexander Stuart, when Haco King of Norway, and a great army of Norwegians, in their last invasion of Scotland, were completely defeated.

Now, when had ceased the battle's roar,
 Unto the field her course she sped;
Oh, dreadful sight! to wake no more,
 Her husband lies on Slaughter's bed:
She press'd him to her anguish'd breast,
Heav'd her last sigh, and sunk to rest.

Such havoc make war's bloody crew,
 Such scenes of desolation spread:
So on the field of Waterloo*
 Full many a dauntless Briton bled;
They fell with victory's laurels bound,
With honour and with glory crown'd.

Great Wellington, Britannia's pride,
 Her vet'ran troops to battle led,
Braving of war the dreadful tide,
 Like lightning o'er the field he sped;
His soldiers from his eye fresh ardour drew—
But, ah! how many fell at Waterloo!

Brave Picton's blood the field distain'd,
 A warrior held of high renown;
And Ponsonby, by valour train'd,
 And gallant Gordon death cropp'd down;
Legions of heroes in the contest fell,
Whose prowess Fame to ages hence shall tell.

Alas! for twenty years and more,
 Europe with blood has deluged been;
But now the tyrant's† sway is o'er,
 No more the murd'rous lance is seen,
No more his hostile troops advance—
Fall'n is his pride and pow'r in France.

While Time and Fate their course pursue,
 While fair Europa life retains,
The Gauls defeat at Waterloo
 The Muse shall sing in grateful strains,
Shall consecrate a mournful strain
To victors in the battle slain.

Now, Fancy, to those scenes remove
 When erst to Hayley's banks confined,
Drawn by resistless charms to love,
 Intense the passion seiz'd my mind,
O'er all my circling spirits stole,
Its influence sweet above controul.

O Memory! retrace the time,
 Those pure and halcyon days so blest,
When Annabel, in beauty's prime,
 My heart with purest love impress'd;
Then genial pleasures could avail
To charm the hours at Larga's Vale.

Now by yon orb's resplendent light,
 That radiant beams on climes untold,
Lov'd Anna's charms gave more delight
 Than wealth or sceptred power unfold;
More transport to my ravish'd heart,
Her voice than heavenly choirs impart.

Alas! how blighted all my joy,
 When distant o'er th' Atlantic main
My love was destin'd to comply,
 Compell'd to wed another swain!
Sweet hope is fled—my constant mind
No ease, relief, nor cure can find.

Delusive since my thoughts have rov'd,
 When carelessly I mov'd along
O'er scenes of bliss, too much beloved,
 That reason bade not to prolong;
Still must I cherish and bewail
The fond remem'brance—Larga's Vale!

The confluent waves along the shore
 Full many a time their pow'r I've tried,
For sportive oft did I explore,
 And stem the current of their tide;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
The thoughts of these and Larga's Vale.

Oft on the pebbly shore I stray'd,
 And gather'd stones of various hue,
Or laid me in the cooling shade,
 Where charming scenery struck my view;
Or Thomson's chaste descriptive page
My happiest thoughts and hours engage.

* *In the field of Waterloo*—The memorable battle of Waterloo, which happened on the 18th of June, 1815, when, by the gallant efforts of the British troops under the command of the most noble Duke of Wellington, and of the Prussians under the command of Marshal Blucher, Buonaparte and his army were completely defeated; by which means peace was restored to Europe, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of France.

† *The tyrant's sway is o'er*—Napoleon Buonaparte, at one time chief consul, and afterwards Emperor of France, the tyrant of Europe for upwards of twenty years.

To various exercise I chang'd:
Now climb'd the steepest mountain's brow,
Now wily in the thicket rang'd,
And mark'd the game my fire laid low;
Or in my skiff, with barbed hook
The finny tribes unnumber'd took,

While on those happy banks I trod,
Soothed with fostering care and love,
Returning health propitious flow'd,
And all my ails did far remove;
For which may Heaven benign entail
Its choicest gifts on Larga's Vale.

Hail, inmates of that charming vale!
Peace, health, content around you flow;
May each returning day avail,
To make your bliss more perfect grow;
And virtue's precepts pure inhale,
Ye lovely youth of Larga's Vale!

Adieu, ye woods, ye streams, ye plains,
Ye mountains high, thou azure main,
Ye songsters all, whose warbling strains
Oft cheer'd my heart and banish'd pain—
Adieu! still may your charms prevail,
To bless the hours at Larga's Vale!

GLASGOW, March 1818.

EXTRACTS

From Mrs. M'MULLAN'S *Britain*, just published.

ENGLAND.

Now spread the sail, salute the island-queen,
Smiling on Plenty in a robe of green;
While Peace and Flora to her altars bring
The blooming olive in the vale of spring.
Inviting rivers charm on every side,
Pouring their tribute to the ocean tide.
Imperial Thames! the Naïads' darling stream,
Neptune's pavilion, and the Muses' theme;
Gondolas, bridges, palaces, and wealth,
Enjoyment, luxury, delight, and health,
Assemble here, exceeding proudest thought
That Egypt cherish'd, or that Carthage taught.
O Cleopatra! when thy gilded fleet
Spread silk and silver and the ivory seat,
Could the aquatic deities believe,
Or mortal fancies venture to conceive,
That garish pageantry would yet create
Gayer flotilla and superior state?
But did Egyptian princess ever share
Yachts so resplendent as Lodona's mayor?

Lodona! fairest, brightest, most renown'd,
By arts encircled, and by science crown'd;
The mart of industry, life's fullest tide,
Learning's emporium, and Britannia's pride;
Long may'st thou flourish, long deserve to be
Respected, eulogized, revered, and free!

Pass many an islet, many a shelt'ring bay,
Where Zephyrs fondly with the blue wave play;
The balmy fragrance of the hills inhale,
And bless the echoes of the breathing vale:
Behold the beacon, and the sparkling shore,
The secret signal, silent semaphore,
The promontory's height, the dazzling cliff,
The anchor'd bulwark, and the floating skiff.
Splendour and wealth are wafted on the breeze,
Whilst Commerce smiles along the peopled seas.
Those who ne'er wander from the busy strand,
Welcome at home the growth of every land;
The gem, the spice, the fruit, and the perfume,
The Persian fabric, Oriental plume.

Far as the eye can stretch, 'tis England still—
The verdant meadow, the aspiring hill,
The chalky cliff, the castle, and the cot,
The splendid turret, and the silent grot;
The crowded city, and the hamlet, poor
In Fortune's gifts, but rich in Freedom's store;

To thee, loved Albion! now a short adieu,
The course we vary, but the song pursue.

SCOTLAND.

Hail, Caledonia! though bare hills be thine,
Though round thy temples no soft myrtles twine,
Though at thy feet spread no luxuriant vine;
Yet, through thy land the soul of freedom glows,
Born 'mid the storm, and nurtured in the snows.
Oh! in that land where Wallace nobly bled,
Where valour oft the heart's last drop hath shed;
Where the rough Highlands shelter'd Learning's ghost,
From the last crush of an invading host;
When bards, half-veil'd by mist, of freedom sung,
And clans re-echoed in the mountain tongue,
Gave the full pibroch to the list'ning vale,
And warm'd the ardent spirit of the Gael:
Still may the minstrel-harp delighted swell
'Mong Highland mounts and in the Lowland dell;
Give the proud cadence to the eaglet's wing,
Or lone Saint Kilda's downy tribute bring;
Or let a Muse the barren Orkneys seek,
In distant loneliness obscure and bleak;
Embrace the silence of the breezy steep,
And waft the shell's wild echoes to the deep.

IRELAND.

Again cast anchor, once more clue the sail—
Ye emerald mountains, sea-girt Erin, hail!
Love's own Apollo, lord of sparkling lore,
Is Erin's lyrist, Erin's patriot Moore!
And sportive Fancy, on her sylph-like wing,
Bears a sweet shamrock to reviving spring;
Or hov'ring near where love and wit combine,
Strews smiling rose-buds on the summer-shrine.
E'en when dark Winter bids his tempest blow,
And congelation is enwreath'd with snow,
Then hospitality can make amends
For distant country and for absent friends;
Give the full goblet with an artless smile,
And welcome strangers to the Emerald Isle;
Warm the quick pulse with genial, friendly glow,
Till memory thrill, ideas learn to flow.

Never did Erin greet with aspect cold,
A needy wanderer from the Muses' fold;
But in her hut displays the humble store
That marks her spirit, though it speak her poor.
Convivial circles, round her peat-warm'd hearth,
To many a tale and many a song give birth;
While strangers mingle in the mirthful lays,
And feeling pours the tributary praise.

THE ZODIAC DINNER.

Addressed to a Friend who had often refused to visit, on the plea of being unwilling to neglect his Child's Education.

The earth, I think, has nearly run
His yearly journey round the sun,
Since you and I have met to dine;
Is it your fault, my friend, or mine?
No matter which, I dine at home
On Thursday next, and beg you'll come;
And as I know you do not choose
Your little son his task should loose,
(In globes, I hear, he's a beginner,)
I'll give you both a *zodiac dinner*.
And first an humble leg of lamb
Must call to mind it's father Ram;
Whether 'tis good, and boil'd enough,
Or whether it be old and tough.
Then a rump-steak, of gravy full,
Shall represent it's parent Bull.
Twins shall be chicken side by chicken,
And Crab I know you're fond of picking.

But now, methinks, I hear you say,
"Hou will you have the Lion, pray?"
Why there I'm puzzled I must tell ye,
So must have *him* in shape of jelly.
The fishmonger shall lend his aid,
And send us Virgo in a *maid;*
On which (that you may Libra view)
The cook shall leave a *scale* or *two.*
And my confectioner shall make
A Scorpion in a tipsy-cake;
The Archer, with his bow and arrow,
Shall be depicted on a marrow-
Pudding; and should they mar the sign,
T'will be the baker's fault, not mine.
Then midst the nick-nacks that adorn us,
Blancmange shall shew you Capricornus.
Old John, so fam'd for duties various,
That day shall personate Aquarius,
And (like small cannons bent on slaughter)
Shall bang and pop out soda *water.*
Then prawns shall be our little Fishes,
With butter, cheese, and spring ra--dishes.
I can't give more, I will not less,
So come and dine with

R. S. S.

MADRIGAL.

I would not change for cups of gold
This little cup that you behold;
'Tis from the beech that form'd a chair
At noonday for my village fair.

I would not change for Persian loom
The humble matting of my room;
'Tis of those very rushes twined
Oft press'd by charming Rosalinde.

I dearer love the lowly wicket
That opens on her fav'rite thicket,
Than portal proud, or towers that frown,
Though monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not,
But only as they one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

M.

TEARS.

The tears repentant guilt may shed
Are sacred in their source,
But, oh! the troubled stream is fed
And bitter'd by remorse.

And joy has tears, but all too wild
They rush with torrent haste;
The heart, their channel, is despoil'd,
And left a ruin'd waste.

But tears there are in silence shed,
So clear, so smooth they flow,
So heaven-reflecting is their bed,
They seem not urg'd by woe.

O sacred tears! the heart's relief;
O balm to sorrow dear,
The last expression left to grief,
When bent o'er friendship's bier!

Then, mourner! seek not to restrain
Those tears at grief that start,
They follow in her path of pain,
To heal the wounded heart.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V. JUNE 1, 1818. No. XXX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. FRONTISPIECE.
2. A TRAGIC STORY AT AVIGNON *260
3. EAST VIEW OF SION 315
4. AN IRON VERANDAH 344
5. FOUR PICTORIAL CARDS 355
6. LADIES' WALKING DRESS 371
7. ——— EVENING DRESS . . . . *ib.*

* No. XXIX.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Picturesque Tour of Mount Simplon.—East View of Sion 315

MISCELLANIES.

Sentimental Travels to the South of France.—Letter XIX. . . . . . . *ib.*

The Amende Honorable 324

Table-Talk, or Anecdotes remembered but never printed.—The Conchologist—Matrimony—Impromptu by J. Fuller, Esq.—The Compounder of Felony—Sensibility—Religious Cant—Avarice and Extravagance 334

Gustavus and Julia, or Constancy Rewarded 336

Apology for Old Maids 342

Description of an Iron Verandah . . . 344

The Female Tattler.—No. XXX. . . . 345

MUSICAL REVIEW.

CLARKE's Twelve Vocal Pieces . . . 349

Antologia Musicale 352

HODSOLL's Selection of Popular Waltzes 352

DAVY's Rob Roy Mac Gregor 353

ANSDELL's The Soldier's Return . . . *ib.*

JAY's The Saxe-Weimar Waltz . . . *ib.*

LITHANDER's "Caroline-Hill" . . . 354

LITHANDER's Fantasia for the Piano-Forte . . . . *ib.*

LIVERATI's Three Canzonets . . . . *ib.*

PAGE

FINE ARTS.

Pictorial Playing Cards 355

Exhibition of the British Institution . 356

Exhibition at the Royal Academy . . . 361

THE SELECTOR.

The Lover's Task, from Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady*, by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN *(concluded)* . 368

FASHIONS.

London Fashions.--Ladies' Walking Dress 371

Ladies' Evening Dress . . . . *ib.*

General Observations on Fashion and Dress 372

French Female Fashions 374

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC 377

POETRY.

To * * * 379

A Picture . . . . *ib.*

Lines addressed to JOHN CARNEGIE, Esq. author of *Larga's Vale* 380

The Altercation, written by Lady BORRINGDON . . . . *ib.*

INDEX.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Clio's *communication has been handed to the lady who superintends the department devoted to Female Fashions.*

If Mr. Carnegie *will take the trouble to turn to our last Number, he will find the proposed correction unnecessary.*

S. T. *is informed, that we preserve no rejected communications, unless the writers signify a wish to have them returned, if not accepted.*

We are under the necessity of repeating our intimation, that we have no place for the announcement of works already published but our Advertisement Sheet.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the FIFTH VOLUME.

NO.		PAGE
	1. Frontispiece . *to face the Title*	
XXV.	2. View of the Banks of the Lake of Geneva, near St. Gingouph	1
	3. The Sentimental Traveller at the Tomb of Laura	14
	4. The Universal Fish-Table	33
	5. Four Playing-Cards	47
	6. Ladies' Evening Dress	53
	7. ——— Carriage Dress	54
XXVI.	8. View of the Extremity of the Lake of Geneva	63
	9. The Sentimental Traveller at an Auction of Relics at Avignon	71
	10. Four Pictorial Cards	110
	11. Ladies' Evening Dress	114
	12. ——— Walking Dress	115
	13. Patterns for Needle-Work	
XXVII.	14. View of the Bridge of St. Maurice	125
	15. Four Pictorial Cards	180
	16. Ladies' Bridal Dress	183
	17. Ladies' Walking Dress	184
	18. Patterns for Needle-Work.	
XXVIII.	19. View of the Waterfall of Pissevache	191
	20. The Sentimental Traveller a Prisoner at Avignon	195
	21. Sections of a Patent Carriage	237
	22. Plan of a Patent Carriage	*ib.*
	23. Elevation of a Patent Car.	238
	24. Four Pictorial Cards	*ib.*
	25. Ladies' Walking Dress	243
	26. ——— Evening Dress	244
XXIX.	27. View of Sion	253
	28. A tragic Story at Avignon	260
	29. Four Pictorial Cards	293
	30. Ladies' Dinner Dress	294
	31. ——— Morning Dress	*ib.*
	32. Pattern for Needle-Work	
XXX.	33. East View of Sion	315
	34. An Iron Verandah	344
	35. Four Pictorial Cards	355
	36. Ladies' Walking Dress	371
	37. ——— Evening Dress	*ib.*